







# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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## THE DECLINE OF PROTESTANTISM.

THE word Protestantism is not entirely free from ambiguity. When reference is made to its fundamental idea, it signifies that system of thought which recognizes no authority over the individual as regards matters of religion other than that which God may exercise immediately and directly, and which consequently disclaims and protests against the authority of the Church as a usurpation. But as ordinarily used it designates the aggregate of religious ideas which the "Reformers" adopted and their followers profess. We say *aggregate*; for these ideas are so inconsistent with each other, and are held in such opposite and antagonistic ways, that it is impossible to discover any relation between them, in virtue of which they could justly be termed a system.

Protestantism, as we have first defined it, is not declining. On the contrary, it is exhibiting more than ordinary signs of activity and life, and seems to be rapidly progressing towards its proper, logical, practical end,—pure infidelity. When, therefore, we speak of the Decline of

Protestantism, we mean Protestantism as we last defined it.

In this latter sense it seems destined to become another instance of the fact that heresies generally flourish in their bad vigor about three hundred years. Combining, as it does, errors of all preceding heresies, and based fundamentally upon the principle which was common to them all—a denial of the divine authority of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church—it might have been supposed that its existence would have continued longer. Such, however, seems not to be the case. After having given birth to almost innumerable forms of unbelief, Protestantism is on the point of being exterminated by her own wicked progeny. An exhibition of the process by which it has been brought to this end will not be uninteresting.

At the outset Protestantism based itself upon the assumption that the Scriptures (*i. e.*, those portions of the Sacred Scriptures which Protestants agreed to receive) were the only rule of faith. This is not only admitted by most Protestants, but

is boasted of as having been the key by which the shackles that had previously restrained free thought were unlocked. There are, we are aware, some few "High Church" Protestants who deny this, and denounce it as belonging only to spurious Protestantism; but to this it is a sufficient answer, for our present purpose, to say that, if so, then genuine Protestantism never existed previous to the nineteenth century, and only exists, now, in the minds of these few gentlemen and their small groups of adherents. There is not a single reformer that ever disclaimed the principle of what these gentlemen call "spurious" Protestantism, nor a single Protestant sect that does not impliedly, and most of them expressly, claim this "bad" rule of faith.

Had this principle been allowed to prevail unchecked among Protestants, Protestantism would have been very short-lived. The continuance of pure individualism, either as regards religious or secular matters, is impossible. Men may resist the exercise of authority, may deny its legitimacy, may violate law, and destroy the machinery of government, but they cannot escape, nevertheless, from authority, law, and government, as little as they can make their nature other than it is.

Along, therefore, with the assumption that the Scriptures were the only rule of faith to each individual, another antagonistic principle made itself felt. This was the principle of authority. It may seem inconsistent to speak of Protestantism exercising authority over the individual. It is inconsistent. But the inconsistency is in

the fact, not in the statement of it. Nothing is clearer in history than that the "Reformers," while they started with the denial of any right on the part of the Church to teach and define authoritatively revealed truth, and claimed that all that was necessary for man to know in order to be saved was contained in the Bible, and that it was the right and duty of the individual to regard the Bible as the highest and ultimate tribunal of appeal, soon arrogated to themselves and to the associations which they called churches, a like authority to that which they denied to the Catholic Church. They were ever ready to make an appeal to the Bible, that is, to their own understanding of the Bible when others called in question *their* orthodoxy; but when *they* attacked others, the authority of their sectarian creeds was strenuously upheld, and those who were not willing to subscribe to them were denounced as heretics. Thus each Protestant sect required its members to acknowledge first, that the Bible contained the whole word of God, and that it was the rule of faith; and secondly, that the right meaning of the Bible was expressed in the symbolical formulas of that particular sect.

This led by an easy transition to the assumption that these sectarian organizations were of divine institution, and possessed divine authority. In fact, a belief in its divine origin and nature on the part of the adherents of every sect is absolutely necessary to its continued existence; and the first and most logically potent cause of the decline of Protestantism exhibits itself in



the general disbelief which now prevails among Protestants of the divine origin, institution, and authority of the Church. Although a belief in this is entirely irreconcilable with the fundamental principles by which Protestants justify their rebellion against the Church, the assumption that the Bible is the rule of faith, and that it is the right of each individual to determine for himself what is truth; nevertheless, most Protestants from the days of the Reformation, until recently, clung tenaciously to the idea that the Church was divine in its constitution and nature, as well as in its origin and institution; and that as such it possessed and exercised divine authority over its members. At the outset of the "Reformation" this principle was feebly held, and does not appear in the declarations of the Reformers, nor of the associations which they organized, as strongly as it did subsequently. The reason for this it is easy to discover. At first they adopted the principle that "the Bible alone" (to use Luther's words), "is Lord and Master," in order to endeavor to justify their revolt against the teaching and authority of the Church. They did not at first perceive the consequences of this principle. But the general disregard of law and order, both secular and religious, to which it led; the strange and contradictory, and often foolish and profane interpretations of Scripture to which it gave rise; the different sects and divisions, contentions, and disputations which it produced, soon showed the leaders of the Reformation that the Bible without the Church would be no safeguard

against universal lawlessness and religious chaos.

In order to prevent this, yet still maintain a show of right in their rebellion against the Church, they assumed that they were the Church; and for their self-constituted church they claimed all, or almost all, the attributes and authority, which they denied to the Catholic Church. We would not be understood as implying that all this was a conscious process and plan on the part of the reformers and their followers. It probably was not. But it was the actual order and the logical process of the movement which they started, and instrumentally shaped; but which in the end, perhaps, swept them along, rather than was impelled by them. It is often the case, that when men yield themselves to evil impulses, they are carried in a direction different from that which they expected. It is beside our present purpose however, to discuss this. It is sufficient to say that in those of the so-called "confessions" of the Protestant sects, which were formed after those sects had acquired something like definite consistency, the idea of the Church comes strongly into view. Thus in the "Westminster Confession" it is said: "*The visible Church . . . is the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, the house and family of God, out of which, there is no ordinary possibility of salvation. Unto this catholic visible church, Christ hath given the ministry, oracles, and ordinances of God.*" Again: "The Lord Jesus, as King and head of His church, hath therein appointed a government in the hand of church

officers, distinct from the civil magistrate. To these officers the keys of the kingdom of Heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent, both by the word and censures; and to open it unto penitent sinners by the ministry of the Gospel, and by absolution from censures, as occasion shall require." And in the "Form of Government" of the Presbyterian Church it is said, "That our blessed Saviour, for the edification of the visible Church, which is His body, hath appointed officers, not only to preach the gospel, and administer the sacraments, but also to exercise discipline." So the "Form of Excommunication" of the Reformed (Dutch) Church says: "We, the ministers and rulers of the Church of God, being here assembled in the name and authority of our Lord Jesus Christ, declare that 'we have excommunicated, and by these, do excommunicate N. from the Church of God, and from fellowship with Christ, and from the holy sacraments, and from all the spiritual blessings which God promiseth to, and bestows upon His Church,' &c. . . . according to the command of Christ, Matt. 18, who saith 'that whatsoever his ministers shall bind on earth, shall be bound in Heaven.'"

These quotations are but fair expressions of the belief professed to be entertained by the reformers generally, and by most of the sects which they organized. It is not our purpose now to expose the inconsistency of this with their principle that the Bible is the only

rule of faith; nor to exhibit the fact that on their own showing, having been excommunicated by the Church against which they had rebelled, they had brought upon themselves all the consequences which they profess to believe attend separation from the "body of Christ," and the censures of the "Church of God."

Preposterous as their claim to be the Church is, and inconsistent as their assumption of possessing a divine commission and divine authority was, it was absolutely necessary for them to assume it. For otherwise they would have acknowledged themselves to be heretics and schismatics, standing outside of the Church, and justly subject to her censures, or else would have had to continue to claim for each individual unlimited right to interpret and expound the Scriptures according to his own notions, and to deny that the divine visible Church had either existence or authority.

That this hard necessity was clearly perceived by many, and keenly felt even where it was not perceived, we here quote in evidence an extract from "The Conservative Reformation," an elaborate defence of Lutheranism, by Rev. Dr. Krauth, a distinguished Lutheran Professor of Theology of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania:

"No particular Church has on its own showing a right to existence, except as it believes itself to be the most perfect form of Christianity, the form which of right should and will be universal. No



Church has a right to a part, which does not claim that to it which should belong to the whole. That communion confesses itself a sect, which aims at no more than abiding as one of a number of equally legitimate bodies. That communion which does not believe in the certainty of the ultimate acceptance of its principles in the whole world, has not the heart of a true Church. That which claims to be Catholic, *de facto*, claims to be universal *de jure*. . . . If the gates of hell have not prevailed against the Church, there is a communion whose fellowship involves no departure from a solitary article of Christian faith—and no man should be willing to be united with any other communion. . . . Every Christian is bound either to find a Church on earth, pure in its whole faith, or to make one."

No wonder another Protestant—the Rev. J. W. Nevin, D.D. (formerly of Mercersburg, now of Lancaster, Pa.)—commenting on this, as coming from a modern Protestant pen, says: "To find a Church on earth pure in its whole faith, or to make one! Heaven save me from any such alternative as that! It takes the breath out of my Protestantism, only to think of it. No Church a right to a part, which does not claim that to it should belong the whole! Is it Rome we are listening to in this, or Oxford, or the Holy Synod of Moscow! Tried by any such rule as this—I may as well make a clean breast of it—my own church standing would, I am afraid, turn out to be the next thing to nowhere."

And yet, preposterous as the claim is on the part of Protestant

sects, it was *necessary* that each should make it.

It was so on several grounds: First, it was necessary in order to gain and maintain the confidence of the people. Men instinctively feel that the Church is and must be divine, and no human organization can command the faith, reverence, and obedience, which they will readily and freely yield to that which comes clothed with divine sanction and authority. Secondly, it was necessary in order to give any show of probable success to the efforts of Protestantism to destroy Catholicity. Third, it was necessary in order to prevent existing sects from being indefinitely subdivided, and society, under the influence of Protestantism, from being dissolved into chaos. Dr. Krauth admits this. He says: "A true unity in Protestantism would be the death of Popery; but Popery will live, until those who assail it are one in their answer to the question: 'What shall take its place?' If Protestantism cannot come to harmony with the principles by which it was created, . . . it must remain divided until division reaches its natural end,—absorption and annihilation."

But to attain a "true unity by reconciling in Protestantism" the conflicting opinions of the different sects was almost immediately found impossible. The only other way by which this unity could be attained was for each sect to assume—not only against the Church, but also against all other sects—that *it* was the Catholic Church. And this assumption was made and attempted to be enforced in spite of all the resulting inconsistencies and

self-contradictions. The power of the civil law was soon invoked in favor of the claim, and the spectacle was exhibited of Protestants contending with and persecuting each other with little less bitterness than they showed against Catholics. The history of France, Germany, Switzerland, England, and Scotland furnishes sad evidence of what we have said.

That these struggles of each sect to exercise an authority were not accidental but the true results of Protestantism itself is shown in all their movements. They never thought for an instant of tolerating those who were of an opposite belief. Calvin, who through the civil magistracy ruled Geneva in regard to matters of state, caused heretics to be burned. John Knox wrote in advocacy of punishing heretics, and nowhere was church authority more harshly and tyrannically enforced and strenuously upheld than by the Presbyterians of Scotland. That these statements are entirely correct, we quote a passage from the "History of Protestants of France," by G. De Felice, Professor in the Protestant Theological Seminary at Montauban. In commenting on the burning of Servetus, he says: "If we call it a deeply deplorable act, we speak justly; but if we accuse Calvin with contradicting his own maxims, we shall demonstrate that we have never studied them" (p. 61).

The history of France, Germany, and Switzerland furnishes convincing evidence of what we have said. It might be interesting by way of illustration to recount a few instances, so abundantly afforded,

but want of space will not allow it, nor is it necessary.

But it was impossible for Protestantism to keep up even the show of a Church existing by divine right, and possessing divine authority. Starting on the principle of rebellion against authority, it was vain for it to insist on the duty of obedience to itself. The principle of individualism would sooner or later assert its supremacy. The principle of the Bible being the rule of faith, could not but bring about utter doctrinal confusion, and the destruction of all definite positive Christian faith.

It might be well to follow this process historically through its different stages, and show their logical connection. But as we do not propose to sacrifice so much space in pursuing a theme that might prove both uninteresting and unprofitable to our readers, we will devote the balance of our attention to a hasty glance at the condition in which we find Protestantism to-day as exhibited in the writings of a few of its more noted exponents.

Dr. J. W. Nevin in a late article says: "It is not only here and there that we meet with this confusion of thought and speech in our modern religious life. It has taken possession of it more or less in all directions and in all forms. It is the 'characteristic' of our evangelical literature in one direction, and of our openly rationalistic and humanitarian literature in another direction. Our denominational periodicals are forever appealing to the Bible as the sure, infallible test of truth, and the end of all controversy; but with little or almost no



serious attempt to face God's actual revelation that lies behind the Bible, and to see if there might not be possibly there what is needed to make the Bible a principle of peace and concord, instead of its being, *as it is now*, largely through wrong use, a principle only of *interminable confusion and strife*.

"And with our religious books it is no better. It is amazing how even learned and good men undertaking to instruct the world on the most important themes, in this way appear to lose sight altogether of the difference there is between Divine revelation and the Bible, and to deal with the whole subject of Christianity as if it rested on the authority of the Bible simply, and on no other ground." . . .

"This is that bad so-called private judgment, which affects to find in the naked Bible all things necessary to salvation, by taking it simply as a body of logically intelligible doctrines and rules, open to any good natural understanding, and then gathering out of the whole a sense to suit itself; not seeing nor knowing that it is in fact all the time in this way making the Bible the *reflection of its own at best simply humanitarian spirit*, instead of entering at all into the true supernatural spirit of the Bible itself."

H. W. Beecher has never been suspected of *illiberalism* (if we may coin a word), yet even to his mind, Protestantism has given way to infidelity: "The times," he says, "are rank with the spirit of religious unbelief. Heretofore skepticism was more on the surface of life, and required but little to remove it. There was one agency, in particular, sufficiently potent for

that purpose; for many revivals of religion have been instruments in the hand of God, by which unbelief has been swept away like chaff. But we are now beyond that. The devil of modern unbelief is too deeply seated in the reigning spirit of the age to be thus expelled. Doubt exists everywhere as if in the air. We are taking it in all the time unconsciously in the very breath of our daily life. It has poisoned the fountains of our social culture, and of our reigning literature and education. The scientific and moral consciousness of the world is steeped in it more deeply, it would seem, than ever in any age before."

Our last quotation shall be from the well-known liberalistic Unitarian, Dr. Bellows, of New York. In a series of letters, published now in book form, he says, writing from Germany:

"Out of the present elements of faith and worship in Germany I see no prospects of any healthy religious life arising. On the contrary, the signs of political tendencies and the social experience of the country seem to me all fitted to extinguish what little Protestant life there is, and to leave more and more bare the secular bans of existence. . . . The universities, as a rule, are favoring the secular and non-religious view and feeling. The savans and metaphysicians are mostly openly or covertly skeptics and positivists. . . . The authenticity and genuineness of the Gospels, it seems, very largely assumed, have been formally discredited. Miracles few scholarly men not tried to official necessities, have the courage to treat with the least respect. It seems settled, at least for the time,

by the physicists of Europe and the savans and metaphysicians of Germany, that whatever else may be true about Christianity, there is no need of considering any farther the possibility of events like the resurrection. Is it possible for Christianity as an institution or a religion, to survive the prevalence of opinions so radically destructive as this?"

The question is being rapidly answered in the negative among Protestants. Protestantism is reaching its proper end in a universal negation. These observations were made with special reference to the condition of society, religious and moral, in Germany, but they apply with equal truth and force to every land and nation in which Protestantism exists to-day.

Thus, Protestantism starting in rebellion, and trying to usurp to itself the authority of the Church, has ended in her own followers carrying out to its legitimate consequences the principle on which she defended her revolt, and treating all her pretensions to authority with contempt. This is showing itself in many ways in even those of the Protestant sects that still

endeavor to hold to positive religious doctrines, and that in time past professed most of the truths of Christianity. It shows itself:

1. In the fact that their benevolence is exerted outside, rather than inside, their religious organizations.
2. Even among those sects which professedly attach the highest importance to the holy sacraments, thousands are unbaptized.
3. In the views entertained on the subject of marriage.

4. In the position of Protestants with reference to godless schools.

In fact, Protestantism is disappearing, dissolving into indifference, rationalism, pantheism, and atheism—children born of the same mother, though in many respects unlike and seemingly hostile.

Truly in our day is being actualized in reverse order one of the legends of classical mythology. The legend runs that Saturn devoured his children. But the progeny which have sprung from the impure and teeming womb of Protestantism, combine to destroy their mother while waging fratricidal war against each other.

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### PRAISE GOD.

O MAY I breathe no longer than I breathe  
 My soul in praise to Him who gave my soul,  
 And all her infinite of prospect fair,  
 Cut through the shades of hell, great Lord, by thee,  
 O most adorable, most unadored!  
 Where shall that praise begin which ne'er shall end?



# THE SLEEPER'S SAIL.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"MOTHER! I've been on the cliffs out yonder,  
Straining my eyes o'er the breakers free,  
To the lovely spot where the sun was setting,  
Setting and sinking into the sea.

"The sky was full of the fairest colors,  
Pink and purple and pale green;  
With great soft masses of gray and amber,  
And great bright rifts of gold between.

"And all the birds that way were flying,  
Heron and curlew overhead,  
With a mighty eagle westward floating,  
Every plume in their pinions red.

"And then I saw it, the fairy city,  
Far away o'er the waters deep;  
Towers and castles and churches glowing  
Like blessed dreams that we see in sleep.

"What is its name?" "Be still, *a cushla*,  
(Thy hair is wet with the mist, my boy),  
Thou hast looked, perchance, on the Tir-na-n'oge,  
Land of eternal youth and joy.

"Out of the sea when the sun is setting,  
It rises golden and fair to view;  
No trace of ruin or change or sorrow,  
No sign of age where all is new.

"Forever sunny—forever blooming—  
Nor cloud, nor frost can touch that spot;  
Where the happy people are ever roaming,  
The bitter pangs of the past forgot."

"Mother! we've known no end of trouble  
Since the night when father was drowned i' the bay;  
The cow lies dead in the poor old stable,  
The black bread fails us day by day.

“Why should we hunger, weep and hunger,  
Your cheeks grow hollow, your hair turn white,  
When over the sea to the Tir-na-n’oge  
In father’s boat we can sail to-night?”

“Nay, nay, my boy, lie down and slumber;  
God’s ways are dim to human pride:  
None dare sail to the Tir-na-n’oge,  
Save those whom angels come to guide.”

The lad’s dark eyes grew wide and misty,  
The eager flush his cheek forsook:  
As he laid him down on his bed of heather,  
The wind the crazy cabin shook.

Hunger and cold and want and sorrow  
Howled, like wolves, at the broken wall:  
But wrapt in the arms of a weary mother,  
The brave young heart forgets them all.

And the gloom melts into a sunset splendor,  
A castled isle in the rosy west,  
Where the happy souls the shores are thronging,  
Of the Golden City of endless rest.

“None dare sail to Tir-na-n’oge,  
Save those whom angels come to guide!”  
In his deep, deep sleep, the little dreamer  
Sees the door of the house set wide.

And a beckoning shape, vague, tall and shining,  
With flick’ring hair in the doorway stands;  
The deep eyes draw him—a strange voice calls him—  
While sleep relaxes the mother’s hands.

Ah! little she dreams that the gentle patter,  
Her boy’s bare feet on the homely floor,  
Like the sound of rain on the hawthorn falling,  
Will stir the pulse of her heart no more!

Little she dreams that his clear eyes never  
Again in her face the smile shall seek;  
Or his young arms clasp her neck, while ever  
The bright lips warm her withered cheek!



He feels the salt wind past him rushing,  
 The moonlit cliffs are white as snow,  
 As step by step, he slowly clammers  
 Down to his father's boat below.

How close it seems—the fairy city—  
 More blest and beauteous than before ;  
 The moonshine, like a bridge of silver,  
 Stretching away to its flow'ry shore.

“What matter if the sail be broken ?  
 The hands of angels guide my boat :  
 We'll sing the *Ave Maria stella*,  
 As down the pleasant tide we float.

“O fair and lovely Tir-na-n'oge !  
 I see thy castles close at hand :  
 Thy fragrant winds are wafted o'er me,  
 The happy saints are on the strand.

“My father!—is it he? How altered!  
 Bright—strong? Gray-haired and poor, no more?  
 Good Angel! hold the boat securely,—  
 'Tis but a step—I'll leap ashore.”

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High on the cliffs the lighthouse keeper  
 Caught the sound of a piercing scream ;—  
 Low in her hut the lonely widow  
 Moaned in the maze of a troubled dream ;

And saw in her sleep a seaman ghostly,  
 With seaweeds clinging in his hair,  
 Into her room, all wet and dripping,  
 A drowned boy on his bosom bear.

Vainly the lighthouse keeper lingered,  
 And peered, good soul, thro' the moonlit pane ;  
 Vainly the widow, waking, fingered  
 The empty bed where her boy had lain.

Over Death's sea on a bridge of silver,  
 The child to his Father's arms had passed ;  
 Heaven was nearer than Tir-na-n'oge,  
 And the Golden City was reached at last.

## TEN YEARS AFTER.

## CHAPTER I.

BERTHA HANBURY had entered upon her twenty-first year, though few would have deemed her more than seventeen. At the date at which we present her to you, gentle readers, she was betrothed to Hugh Chambers, a gentleman of fortune and family, whose qualities of mind and heart endeared him to all who knew him. Handsome, generous, incapable of a mean or unworthy action, possessed of a mild and agreeable temper, gentle in manner, and courteous to all, there was little matter for wonder that Bertha, when she found herself the object of his special homage, welcomed his attentions with pleasure, and ultimately grew to love him with all the strength of her nature. She was herself very beautiful, not critically so, but lovely, not so much in the lustre of her dark eyes, and the marvellous freshness of her complexion, as in the light of soul which animated her countenance, lending it a charm which neither age nor time would efface.

The face of Bertha Hanbury had also another beauty, the most striking, perhaps, that the Creator bestowed, viz., the divine impress of goodness.

People said these two were singularly well suited to each other, that their marriage would certainly be made in Heaven, and even the most ill-natured gossips refrained from uttering any evil forebodings as to their future lot. Yet one shadow loomed even on their bright horizon; a shadow destined to obscure, perchance darken the sun of their

lives. They did not worship at the same altar.

The late Doctor Hanbury had been a devout Catholic, and when, some years previous to the opening of our narrative, he had felt the approach of the dread messenger, he had called his little girl to him, and, placing his hand lovingly upon her head, had said, with impressive earnestness, the memory of which had remained deep in her heart, "Dearest Bertha, I am about to leave you; our good God calls me to Himself. May He in His mercy watch over and protect you. I leave you one injunction, on which, dearest child, our future meeting may mainly depend. Never abandon for aught this world can bestow the faith of God's Church, and should you have to choose between it and earthly happiness, be firm to that Holy Mother to whose care I commit you."

Had it been given to the dying man to penetrate the vista of years, and to behold the dangers and trials to which that dear one would be subjected? It may have been even so; for many things, doubtless, are permitted for wise ends by the merciful yet mysterious Providence which rules the veriest trifles of our lives.

No trouble had, however, as yet marred the brightness of Bertha's life, save that which deprived her of a loved father. It was true Mr. Chambers was a Protestant, but this difficulty had been met in the early days of their acquaintance, by the prudence of Mrs. Hanbury, who was scarcely less solicitous touch-



ing her daughter's spiritual well-being than her husband had been. Hugh, naturally liberal-minded, and free from the smallest particle of bigotry, was quite willing that his wife should continue in the practice of her religion, and thus the one great obstacle had been overcome; hence the course of true love in regard to Mr. Chambers had so far run smoothly enough, and its roseate tints had been unclouded to both.

Christmas of 18— was the period fixed for their union, and as yet they had only reached the middle of August. One very ugly old spinster had, indeed, ventured to remark that "there was many a slip between the cup and the lip," which observation drew down upon her such a torrent of reproaches from the many friends of Bertha, that the lady never repeated the offence, and so every one grew to look upon the marriage of Mr. Chambers and Bertha Hanbury as a fact, as certain as anything could be in this mutable world. So also thought the w<sup>o</sup> most concerned; but, alas! of how little are we really certain here below!

The golden sunlight of an autumn evening lighted up one of the fairest landscapes to be seen. Hills crowned with miles of noble forest trees, upon whose slopes waved golden corn; fertile valleys watered by meandering streams; smiling villages nestling in the woods and rich pastures: all reflected the glory of the God of day, and stood out in bolder relief in the tempered yet gorgeous light. Such was the *coup d'œil* which met the gaze of the two lovers, as they stood together beneath the grand old porch of the country mansion in which

Mrs. Hanbury dwelt. And it must be confessed that the picturesque abode, with its turrets crowned with ivy and its castellated angles did not add so much charm to the landscape as did those two young faces; hers upturned to his with a loving, trusting look, and his glancing down upon her with a stronger and a deeper love, it may be; but certainly not with a purer or better affection.

"Could anything come between us, Hugh?" she asked, laying her hand caressingly on his arm.

"Yes, dearest; here is dear old Rough, who has squeezed himself in, and insists on being noticed!"

"Do not laugh, Hugh; but at times I feel that I am too happy; at others it seems to me that some great sorrow will come to me. If it were trouble which might separate us, Hugh, I believe I should die."

"No trouble can separate us; nothing shall separate us," he added, firmly clasping her hands at the same time in his.

"But if God were so to will it?"

"He cannot; he would not will anything that would make us so unhappy. What wild ideas you have to-night, Bertha. Why should not we be happy, as well as hundreds of others?"

"I know not; but of late I have had sad forebodings of coming evil."

"Pshaw! what a child you are. I really gave you credit, dearest, for being a brave little girl. Let us go in to your mother and have some music."

They found Mrs. Hanbury more preoccupied than usual. She appeared anxious and uneasy. This was unfortunate, for it added to

the gloom which had insensibly communicated itself from Bertha to her lover. The evening wore slowly away, and for the first time Miss Hanbury felt a certain degree of relief when Hugh left them. When she approached her mother to bid her good-night, she perceived that she had been crying.

"Dearest mamma," she exclaimed, "what has happened? You have heard some evil news; let me know it at once. I cannot bear suspense."

"I have heard something which may bring great trouble to you, dear child. I fear to explain myself to-night. Do not press me now, my love. To-morrow will be early enough for you to learn bad tidings."

"Why, mamma, I should not sleep a wink with my curiosity thus excited. I must know the worst to-night." Bertha then seated herself on a low stool at her mother's feet, and continued? Is it anything that will concern Hugh?

Mrs. Hanbury bowed her head, and a few tears slowly trickled down her cheeks.

Miss Hanbury became very pale. After a short pause she said quickly—

"Tell me the worst."

The elderly lady slowly drew from an *escritoire* on the table a letter, which she handed to her daughter, saying:

"I have received this from Father Arkwright. You will find, my dear, that there is yet some difficulty to be overcome ere you can marry Mr. Chambers. The mere permission to follow your own religion will not suffice; that is, if you be married in our Holy Church, and

rather than that you should be united to any one in bonds less holy, though perhaps equally binding, I would that God might mercifully take us both to himself."

Bertha had taken the letter, and was attentively perusing it. Her face became gradually paler and paler, till its ashy hue alarmed her mother.

"Bertha, darling," she exclaimed, "may God and our dear Lady support you through this bitter trial; for such I believe it will be."

Bertha Hanbury looked up at her mother with a world of woe in her gaze; then, with a low moan, buried her face on her mother's knees. Long she continued in that posture, weeping at times violently, at others grieving silently. Her mother did not seek to check the burst of sorrow. She knew that tears are "nature's best gift to suffering man," and hoped that when the reaction came Bertha would manifest the strength of mind necessary to the emergency. It was late in the night before the two separated. Very few words had been uttered on either side since the reading of that fatal letter, but each fully understood the other. Mrs. Hanbury knew that, come what might, her daughter would not swerve from the path of duty, and Bertha felt that her mother so understood her.

Our readers will, no doubt, marvel that the obstacle, whatever it was, to Miss Hanbury's union with Mr. Chambers should appear thus insuperable to both mother and daughter, inasmuch as they have been already assured that Hugh was liberal-minded, and absolutely



free from any of the prejudices of the times; also that he was the very soul of honor. Dear readers, it was just that code of honor to which he clung so faithfully which would prevent his meeting the demands which, as a Catholic, Mrs. Hanbury had learned she would have still to enforce in the name of her child. He might be quite willing that his wife should continue in the practice of her religion, but would he consent that his children should be pointed at by all the country as Roman Catholics, and as having been brought up in the creed of their mother. Nay, more, being sincere in his own religion, would he not deem himself bound to guard them against the errors of Romanism. Both Mrs. Hanbury and her child knew that he would thus reason, and hence, from the moment when they learned that such compliance would be absolutely necessary on his part they also knew that everything between the two *fiancés* was virtually at an end.

Bertha, when in the solitude of her own chamber, abandoned herself even more passionately to her grief than she had done when in the presence of her mother. After the lapse of some time, however, she became calmer, and at length knelt to recite her night prayers. At the close of her devotions she approached the Crucifix in her oratory, and raising it from the pedestal, reverently kissed the feet of the image, her tears falling rapidly upon it. The act was very simple, yet replete with meaning. Surely it told of a heart which, whatsoever were its human affections, still yielded its first allegiance to its

Creator. Happy they whose hopes and desires are thus subservient to His will.

The bright sunlight again cast its golden sheen over the fair landscape which surrounded the home of Bertha Hanbury. The tempered rays told also of the approach of evening. Again, too, Hugh Chambers stood with the hand of his betrothed in his, but the faces of both were changed. His was grave and sad, and Bertha's whiter than alabaster. It seemed that his sorrow was too deep for expression; hers might have found relief in tears had she not feared they might indicate weakness of purpose, and so gulped down the choking sobs, her extreme pallor alone telling of the struggle within. After a time he spoke.

"No, Bertha, my darling," he said, kindly, "I would make any other sacrifice for your dear sake" (people always are willing to undergo any suffering but that which presents itself). "But this I could not in conscience. Remember that I am as devoted to my creed as you are to yours, and while I respect your religious convictions, and even the peculiarities of your Faith, and would not seek to change your sentiments, I dare not promise to have those for whose souls I should be responsible brought up in a Church which, however much I may respect its individual members, I still regard as in error."

Miss Hanbury was silent. She was well aware that it would be useless to combat his determination, and she could not swerve from hers. After a pause, she replied:

"I know you cannot understand

us or our Church, dear Hugh. Only a Catholic can feel as a Catholic. I see it all now; we must part forever. May you be happy with one of your own persuasion." Here a convulsive sensation in her throat interrupted her. "I shall always pray for your happiness."

"I shall never marry, Bertha," he said, so calmly and gravely that Miss Hanbury knew the resolve was not a light one.

"We shall at least be friends, Hugh."

"Always. I shall go abroad at once. I cannot endure these scenes now. May God bless you and protect you."

The evening shadows had deepened into the gloom of night ere those two separated, and when at length he was gone, and Bertha heard his retreating footsteps on the gravel walk, she realized that never more would the returning footfall be heard. The hope, the light of her earthly life had faded. Never again would there be real sunlight for her, save in the world to come. Thus felt the poor stricken lamb as she threw herself into her mother's arms.

"You are all the world to me now, mother," she said, softly.

"Dearest child, I would that it had pleased God to have ordained otherwise, for I may not be always with you. Let us kneel, my Bertha, and commit ourselves and our great trouble to him who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb."

Mother and daughter reverently bent the knee, and the prayer of praise and of sacrifice ascended as sweet incense to the throne of the Eternal.

Courage, dear Bertha. The earthly landscape may have lost its charm; the golden hues of sunset may never more light up thy soul; but for such as thee (who sacrifice the most cherished affections of the heart at the shrine of duty and the love of Christ) is prepared a land gorgeous in its splendor, whose rivers flow with eternal life, whose flowers and fruits die not, and over which shines forever in majesty and love the sun of righteousness, whose beams fall with a brighter and a sweeter radiance on those who have endured much for His name.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Christmas Eve. Midnight Mass was being celebrated in the Church of the Sisters of Charity at P——. When the moment of communion arrived, several ladies who had been admitted to the service approached the rails to receive the Bread of Life. Among these we recognize Mrs. Hanbury and her daughter. As the latter turns to retrace her steps to her seat, we perceive that her countenance is calm and resigned, though considerably paler than when we first knew her. She is living a useful life, devoted to her mother and the poor; and in assuaging the sorrows of others, finds the surest balm for her own troubles. And when the heart is heavy with its weight of woe, and the burden becomes intolerable, she seeks further strength in prayer and the Divine banquet. Thus she lives a life of continual sacrifice and immolation, yet one not wholly devoid of sweetness; for in her hours of communing with God she feels that she has



borne testimony to the fidelity she professes to His law.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years rolled on, during which Bertha Hanbury was a devoted child, tending her mother in her growing infirmities with ever increasing love and sweetness; a friend to the poor and the needy; a consoler of the afflicted; in fine, a model of a fervent, unostentatious Catholic. Every Christmas Eve found her at the altar in the little convent church. In this manner ten long years passed away. For some time she had been at the Communion table alone. At last she came attired in the deepest mourning, and the world knew that she was alone—alone with God and her new sorrow.

The earth was darker now than it had ever been. The truest, the dearest earthly friend had been called away, and now there was nothing to live for—nothing: only patient waiting for the coming of death. So felt Bertha in the thirty-first year of her age; but in her case, as in that of many others, was manifested that in our worst trials God is nearest to us. How this came about, and a ray of peace and happiness fell upon the latter days of her earthly pilgrimage, will appear in our next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

At the church which Miss Hanbury usually frequented, a gentleman had for some three or four years been a constant attendant. He was a man of about forty-five years of age, tall and dignified, with a handsome Spanish countenance. There was a something ex-

tremely attractive in the *ensemble* of the stranger. He was evidently a devout Catholic, being frequently seen at the Holy Communion. Bertha had indeed remarked him, for he was one who could not be hidden in a throng—one who carried with him everywhere the stamp of a gentleman. The easy, graceful carriage; the courtly bearing; the flash of the dark eye—all told of one born to command his fellows. Hence, as we have stated, Miss Hanbury had observed him, but, wrapt up in her own troubles, and her heart still bound to another, she had not taken the interest in the noble-looking stranger, which was strongly manifested by the other ladies of the congregation.

"Do you know who that fine, handsome gentleman was who went to Communion this morning, Miss Hanbury?" asked one Sunday a Miss Kate Harding, who had not numbered more than twenty-nine summers.

"No; I only see he is always at the church."

"Well, he evidently feels a deeper interest in you than you do in him; for I am sure he does nothing but watch you the whole time the choir are singing the *Credo* and the *Gloria*."

"I am delighted that he chooses that part of the service to make his survey. But how comes it that you are so *au fait* as to all the movements of the stranger?"

"Oh, I never pretend to pray at the 'intervals,' as Maria Styles calls them. They just give one time to look at all the new dresses, and count the strangers in the church."

Bertha could not forbear smiling

at the candor of her friend. Miss Harding continued :

"I shall certainly discover who he is. I dare say Maria Styles can tell me. She usually knows every one and everything."

Maria Styles was the newsmonger of the congregation, a lady who knew everyone's business and oftentimes remained in blissful ignorance of her own. Our readers have doubtless known such ladies even in our enlightened days. However, without waiting the result of Miss Harding's researches, we will at once inform the perusers of these pages that the gentleman in question was no other than Count Raymond de la Torre, a Spanish grandee, and people said a millionaire. That he was a good, fervent Catholic has been already stated.

And did Count Raymond take an interest in the pale, melancholy lady, whose tender care of the faltering steps of her mother had first awakened his attention?—or had Miss Harding, after the fashion of women, jumped at this conclusion? No; for once Kate Harding's surmises were correct. The stranger had grown to watch for the coming of Miss Hanbury as we watch for those we love. He had inquired and had learned her history, aye, all, even the courage with which she had resisted the temptation which had beset and blighted her earthly path; and the noble Spaniard, with the enthusiasm of his southern nature, had exclaimed :

"My heavens, the love of such a woman is well worth having. To make the journey of life with her would surely help one to prepare for that other journey to which one is every day drawing nearer."

Count Raymond was not the man to form an idea without carrying it out. It had occurred to him that as there was no possible hope of Bertha Hanbury ever belonging to Hugh Chambers, the Protestant, there could be no real reason why she should not be made over to Raymond de la Torre, who was a Catholic. Thus argued the hopeful Spaniard, but not a word did he whisper to human being of his aspirations, and so week after week, and month after month rolled on, until the deep mourning of Miss Hanbury told him she was alone in the world. Then he longed to take the poor lone one to his heart and comfort her. Then the undefined purpose of months and years leaped into sudden action. Three months longer he restrained himself out of respect to the grief of the desolate orphan. At the termination of these, Father Acton, the priest of the parish, undertook to procure him an interview with Miss Hanbury. Bertha was not a little surprised at the strange request. Father Acton said gravely and significantly :

"My child, the ways of Providence are inscrutable. Oftentimes God in his mercy denies us our apparently just desires for a wise end, namely, the accomplishment of His holy will and the working out of our salvation. We are but His instruments, and it may be that He has designs for the furthering of which he has chosen you. Let me beg of you, therefore, not to decide anything hastily. Count de la Torre is all that a Christian gentleman should be. Grant him at least a patient hearing."



Bertha merely bowed in silent acquiescence, and allowed the good priest to name a day on which she would see De la Torre. She was astonished and bewildered. What could the Count mean? The reply to this question certainly presented itself in an undefined form. But how could she listen to the suit of another man, she, whose heart since the desertion of Hugh Chambers had been closed against any other affection of the like nature. Well, if she must needs see him she would, if her surmises proved correct, tell him all. It would be opening again the old wounds, but suffering appeared to be her special portion. It would be only one trial more.

True, dear Bertha, courage then, this is the last of your great tribulations.

Count Raymond was punctual to the rendezvous on the appointed morning. Delicately and courteously he broached the subject; told how long he had respected her; how this respect had gradually merged into love: how at length he had felt that she was necessary to his happiness, and then, with tender yet manly eloquence, he besought her to grant that he might replace the friends—the mother she had lost.

Miss Hanbury's tears fell fast while she listened to her new lover. She was grateful for his love. Nay, the contrast between him and Chambers was even in his favor. The question rose in her mind, "Ought she to reject him?—was not this a plain manifestation of the Divine will?" She would, at least, be candid with him, and then let him decide. When she had

sufficiently composed herself to speak, she said:

"Your proposal, Count Raymond, is an honor which I had no reason to expect, and which I little merit. I would, indeed, that I could show myself grateful for your selection."

"And why can you not, dear Miss Hanbury?" the Count said, smilingly, "you are your own mistress, and that little right hand of yours will be the best tribute of gratitude you could give me."

"But you would hardly care for it without the heart, and mine is still buried in the past."

"Miss Hanbury," De la Torre said, gravely, "you and I are not so young that we should wreck our happiness for a chimera. Ask yourself, is this mourning for one who will never be yours, right; is it not a wasting of the best affections; is it using them as God wills that they should be used? Had you told me that you had plighted your troth at a higher and a holier shrine, I would have loved in vain, yet submissively to the ordering of Providence; but if you tell me that my rival is the memory of your first love, then I am content to take you even with that memory still enshrined in your heart. I will trust to time for the rest. Suffer me at present to replace your mother; I will wait to fill that of your first *fiancée*."

How could she listen to such language from the noble Spaniard, after whom all the ladies of the congregation were sighing, and not feel touched by his devotion? It was not in human nature to resist this eloquence, the eloquence of disinterested affection. Bertha was not a strong-minded woman, as the

world understands the term, and hence, after much more had been said by the Count, she agreed to receive his addresses during the three following months, after which she would give him her final answer.

Count Raymond was enchanted that he had succeeded thus far. He trusted to time, as he had said, and his own assiduous attentions to complete his hopes. Time rolled on, and, though he did not find in Miss Hanbury the encouragement he wished, he nevertheless persevered so well that, at the close of the period of probation, Bertha consented to become his wife, yet still asserting that the remembrance of Hugh Chambers was enshrined in her heart.

"I cannot," she said, "give you in return for your noble love and devotion all the deep affection I once might. It is a bruised and almost broken heart that you would have, Count Raymond."

"Well, I will accept it, whatever its condition," De la Torre replied, playfully; "we will see if there be no cure for disease of the heart. Remember," he continued, more gravely, "that I respect your sorrow: nay, I esteem you more on account of your constancy. We, however, who are children of the Faith, will love each other as such, always keeping in view the one great work for which we were created. Doing this God will certainly bless us, and trust me, dearest Bertha, we shall one day be all in all to each other, subject always to His love."

Bertha knew that, in her inmost heart, if she still loved the memory of Hugh Chambers, she, nevertheless, esteemed Count Raymond

much more than she had ever done her former lover. How his virtues paled before those of the Catholic Spaniard! Hugh had abandoned her at once, it may have been from conscientious motives; but from the hour of their separation on that lovely autumnal evening, she had received news of him only three times, and this at long intervals. During the last ten years no intelligence of him had reached her. His house had long been inhabited by a gentleman who rented it from an agent, and the estates were also let.

None of the tenantry appeared to know the whereabouts of their landlord. Miss Hanbury believed that this knowledge was designedly kept from her, but instead of weakening her attachment, it induced her to believe that he could not trust his own resolution. Now that she had met with Count Raymond, the sudden manner in which Mr. Chambers had left her contrasted strongly with the silent, patient devotion of the Spanish nobleman. Will our readers wonder that she consented to unite herself to him?

"Do you know the news about Count de la Torre?" inquired Maria Styles of Miss Harding, a few weeks subsequent to the engagement between the Spaniard and Bertha.

"No, what news? Is he leaving us?"

"Oh dear, no! But he is about to bid adieu to single blessedness, so at least, Father Acton says."

"And who is the lady of his choice?"

"No other than Miss Hanbury."

"Well, I never! I always thought



he was smitten, but for her to accept him after all her professions of fidelity to the memory of Hugh Chambers, is something beyond my comprehension. Who will boast of a woman's constancy now?"

"Well, for my part," replied Miss Styles, who never having entertained any hopes relative to the Count herself, was not much troubled by the ugly green-eyed monster, "I think she did quite right. What was the use of fretting her life away about a man who may be at Botany Bay, for aught she knows to the contrary; and who, if he continued to care for her, would at least have communicated with her directly or indirectly."

"All I can say is, that I think her very fickle."

"Fickle! After ten years! The only pity is, that she did not know De la Torre years ago."

Miss Harding did not quite agree with her. Some of our readers will doubtless sympathize with the latter lady. It was certainly annoying that she in her twentieth year should be cut out by Bertha Hanbury in her thirtieth. There was comfort, however, in the axiom that "love is blind."

A few weeks more and Bertha Hanbury and Count de la Torre stood together at the altar to plight their troth. The lady was scarcely so pale as she had been some months previous. A wave of peace appeared to have swept over the desert of her life, fertilizing the barren soil and giving promise of a brighter future. The heart was not wholly at rest, but its aching were abating. She knew that she would now have ever at her

side one whose counsel and support would never be denied her; one to whom she might reveal the most hidden secrets of her soul; one whom it would henceforth be her duty to love, and who already loved her with the noble and true affection of a Christian gentleman. Above all, she felt that when he swore to love and cherish her, his heart had made another compact, namely, that his dearest and best efforts would be to promote his own and her eternal weal.

As "the children of the saints" they were united, and as such she knew he would desire that they should live. Hence, if she did not feel the wild enthusiasm with which she had once regarded Hugh Chambers, she experienced a sensation of deep thankfulness, an overflowing of the soul that Providence had given her this true friend to guard and protect her. Happy Bertha! To thee has come the reward of thy generous sacrifice. A brief space and the slight cloud which yet lingers on thy soul shall be forever swept away.

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Our readers have probably wondered that Hugh Chambers had not communicated with Miss Hanbury during the last ten years, and such silence would certainly appear extraordinary. To explain this we must take them back to the evening when the two *fiancés* separated.

Mr. Chambers on his way home resolved never again to communicate with Bertha, for when beyond the magic circle of her presence, he felt indignant that for a conscientious scruple she had so readily

relinquished him. It did not occur to him that he had relinquished her upon the same grounds. He was a man who could not love hastily, and consequently would not easily love another, hence, to him the blank produced by the separation from Bertha, was greater than it would have appeared to most men. The world was an empty void, without hope or interest. All these had been centred in Miss Hanbury. With her faded the bright visions of home and family ties, and in the agony of his heart he determined never again to see or communicate with her, to blot out as far as might be her memory from his soul.

In his travels on the Continent, he visited at times, Catholic churches, and listened to sermons in order to confirm himself in his belief that the Church of Rome was the Church of error. In this unsettled state, both of mind and of abode, Hugh continued during six years. Wandering from town to town, from church to church, till he stood in that holy city, which was less happy in having been the abode of the Cæsars, than in being the dwelling of the viceroy of Jesus Christ.

Here he found the monuments of pagan antiquity side by side with those of the early ages of Christianity, and could gaze upon the gorgeous erections of Catholic faith and love. Still he cherished his old prejudices, and enshrouded himself more and more in the gloom of his own creed. At length, in a small village in the south of France, he chanced to meet an Englishman like himself, in quest of information upon the doctrines

of the Church of Rome. Mr. Stanhope was some few years his junior, devoid of all prejudices, and evidently earnestly seeking the truth. They happened to be both staying at the modest hotel of the village. On returning from the service at the rural church, at which the good curé had addressed a simple but practical sermon to his flock, Hugh remarked:

"I had hoped that here, at least in a remote village like this, one would have escaped the innumerable bows and scrapes, and ceremonies of this pomp-loving church. For my part, I still hold that religion is so simple it might be put in a nutshell."

"No doubt," replied Stanhope, laughing, "the religion of many persons would not even fill that limited space. My dear fellow, I consider that all that trash about religious simplicity, which is so freely bandied about, is, in vulgar parlance, all humbug. I believe these Romanists, as they are called, approach the nearest to that church of the Gentiles which Malachy declared would offer, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, sacrifice and a clean oblation to the name of the Lord. Only in this manner could His name be great among the Gentiles, even as it was among the Jewish people. Each of these apparently trifling ceremonies of the Catholic Church has a beautiful mystical signification, all relating in a greater or less degree to the Sacrifice of the Mass, in which they believe Christ to be truly present at the altar."

"Why, Stanhope, I believe you are half a pervert."



"Convert, if you please, *mon ami*. Well I will e'en confess that I am seriously thinking of joining the Church of Rome. Will you consent to go with me and hear at least for yourself, the instructions I shall receive?"

"I have no objection; but *I* shall never be a Catholic."

Thus hundreds have spoken who, thanks be to God, are now members of the one fold. We will not weary our readers by following Hugh Chambers through all the difficulties of his path towards the truth. Suffice it that we inform them that Charles Stanhope and Hugh Chambers were received in the bosom of the Catholic Church in the picturesque church of Chambréry. From the moment, however, that Chambers became convinced of the truths of Catholicity, he also comprehended that higher state of perfection to which man might be called, and to which the apostle alluded, when he said: "To widows and the unmarried I say remain even as I." He had seen the marriage of Bertha in the papers; he could not blame her; anyhow his course was clear.

Faithful to the call of divine grace he entered with Stanhope the Company of Jesus. For some

undefined reasons, never fully explained to himself, Hugh Chambers never communicated the change to Bertha.

Four years after the marriage of Count de la Torre to Bertha Hanbury, they both knelt in the church of the Jesuits at N——. Scarcely had the last words of the gospel been uttered, when a tall, dignified form ascended the pulpit, and in clear, ringing tones delivered his text:

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

Bertha de la Torre bowed her head in astonishment and shame. The preacher was Hugh Chambers.

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That evening when they were alone in their hotel, the Countess revealed to her husband the cause of the emotion she had that morning manifested at church. At the close of her confession he said, smiling:

"So at last I am without a rival."

It was even so, and thus was dispelled the last shadow which separated Bertha from Raymond.

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FAME is the shade of immortality,  
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,  
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.  
Consult the ambitious,—'tis ambition's cure.

## THE STORY OF THE HOSTAGES.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPRISONMENT AND MURDER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF  
PARIS AND OTHERS, 1871.

WE are told that France and Paris are doing their best to forget the Commune and its enormities. The trials of the chief Communistic prisoners at Versailles have attracted but little attention; much less is there any great thought about them in the gay and frivolous city over which they reigned for so many weeks. So it has been before—so perhaps it will be again. Men are always quick to hide from themselves whatever can remind them of their own depravity, and even of their own danger. They “adorn the sepulchres of the prophets,” and all the while have within them the very same passions, the very same hatred to good, which brought about the persecution and murder of the prophets. Paris disclaims all participation in the crimes which she has witnessed. “They were all perpetrated by strangers.” Certainly, no one need doubt that a large portion of the leaders under the Commune came from outside. In the early period of the revolt, the red shirts of the Garibaldian ruffians, a horde gathered from the dregs of every European population, were conspicuous. Garibaldi himself was elected general in chief; one of his sons was known to be in Paris. Nothing more was heard of him, of course, when the danger became serious. No doubt the “Internationale,” which appears to have been the real strength and backbone of the revolt, was made up of a great many strangers to

Paris and France. But no number of strangers from without could have composed the legions which marched at the command of the Commune, the mob in the street which applauded so many acts of savagery, which profaned so many churches, and brought back, at the distance of eighty years, the wildest scenes and most barbarous outrages of the first Revolution. There is no mistaking the spirit of large masses of the population; it is the same now as of old, the spirit which an author of our time has characterized as the mixture of the tiger with the monkey.

We believe that no really thoughtful man in France can convince himself that the barbarities which marked the reign of the Commune were the mere accidents of external influence and extraordinary circumstances. The poison has sunk deep and spread wide which has manifested itself in so frightful a manner, and we hear the wisest Frenchmen complaining that the evil is being slurred over, and the malady left to work once more in silence for a time, when it must and will break out afresh. True as this must be allowed to be, it is not less true that the malady rages elsewhere than in France. The symptoms which manifested themselves during the dominion of the Commune in Paris may show themselves at any time in almost any other great capital on which the weakness of the government, the cowardice



of the "party of order," some special opportunity like that given by the cessation of the siege in Paris without the disarmament of the dangerous classes, or some political necessity of unscrupulous men, like that which might urge those who pull the wires in Italy to cause a rising and a massacre in Rome, might for the moment concentrate the dark designs of the diabolical conspiracy against society and religion which has now for a long time been undermining the greater part of Europe.

There may be cause for "panic" and strong legislation in the warning which has been received from the collapse of the French military system in the presence of the German hordes; but there is far more in this warning of which we speak, —how easy it is in modern times for a few bad men to impose themselves as despots on a large community, and how ready a large mass of the population will be found to carry out their behests in a series of scenes so abominable as to make it appear scarcely an exaggeration to say that hell itself has been let loose upon the world.

When we remember how, in June, 1848, the blood of the Archbishop of Paris seemed to be accepted as a sacrifice which for the time put an end to civil strife, we may venture to hope that the many brave and innocent souls of saintly men who met death at the hands of the Commune in May, 1871, may not plead in vain for mercy upon Paris and France. It is this which gives a special interest to the story of their captivity and death, apart from that which always belongs to a tale of hardship and injustice nobly

borne. If the sudden elevation of the obscure plotters of the Paris Commune, most of whose names were never heard before outside their own clubs, was an event which no one could have imagined as possible, it may also be said that a year ago it would have seemed insane to predict the fate which fell in May upon Mgr. Darboy, upon the President Bonjean, upon the Curé of the Madeleine, and upon the Jesuit and "Picpussien" Fathers and other priests and laymen who suffered with them. The turn of fortune which placed the command of the lives and properties of the citizens of Paris, and so many of the noblest public buildings and monuments in Europe, at the mercy of a set of obscure and insignificant ruffians, found them by no means wanting either in audacity or cruelty. In the same way, when the same chance threw upon the Chief Pastor of the diocese, and a number of devoted and innocent priests and religious, the sudden lot of a long painful captivity with no charge alleged against them, to be ended by a death inflicted, in the case at least of many, with very great barbarity under circumstances of singular outrage, the victims were not found unworthy of or unprepared for the occasion. Christian grace and Christian virtue are the same in every age, the power of the Sacraments and the peaceful strength of the interior life do not wax old with the ageing of the world, and can meet the sword or bolt of the executioners as calmly in the nineteenth century as in the first.

*Οὐπω σφιν ἐξέτηλον αἶμα δαιμόνων,*

—and when we see the children of the Church as brave as ever under the sword of persecution we have an earnest that her powers for the healing of the nations are not yet exhausted.

If Paris is eager to forget the Communists and their short-lived triumph, there is not the same readiness on the part of the more religious portion of the Parisian public to let the memories of the victims of the Commune die. The materials for an account of the (so-called) hostages are plentiful, and we can only select what seems to us most interesting, without at all professing to exhaust the subject. The sufferers in Paris during the late "Terror" may be classed in two divisions, for there were murders in the streets and scenes of bloodshed which recall the worst enormities of the first Revolution, as well as the deliberate murder under actual orders of the Commune of those whom they have chosen to consider as "hostages" for the good conduct of the Versailles government in the course of the civil war. There were also other imprisonments besides that of the "hostages"—all more or less animated by that hatred of religion which gives so peculiarly holy a character to death suffered under such circumstances and for such a cause.

The most conspicuous of the "hostages" was naturally the Archbishop of Paris. He was seized by the emissaries of the Commune on April 4th, the Wednesday in Holy Week. He had received warning of what was intended against him, and a letter in which the warning was contained was

found open on his desk immediately after he had been carried off. He urged Mgr. Surat, his Grand Vicar, to fly at once, as the blow was to be struck at many members of the higher clergy, but refused himself to seek safety in flight. He was taken in his own carriage to the Prefecture of Police, but, when once there, was treated with all the indignities which are the lot of ordinary prisoners. He was soon joined by others, arrested on the same pretext and for the same purpose. The College of the Jesuit Fathers, known as the École Ste. Geneviève, had been surrounded by a battalion of National Guards very early in the morning of the same day. It was entered, searched, pillaged (except that happily the library and physical museum escaped), and its religious tenants marched off to the Prefecture. The Rector, Père Ducoudray, led the van, followed by seven Fathers, four lay brothers, and seven servants. The other chief house of the Society of Jesus in Paris—the residence in the Rue de Sèvres—was visited the same night. Most of the fathers were already dispersed in places of safety. Père Olivaint, the Rector, was left, with Père Lefebvre and some lay brothers. The house was searched, nominally for arms, but in reality for money and anything else that might be of value to the patriotic officials of the Commune. The two Fathers had just time to run to their cells, and consume the two sacred Hosts which had alone been reserved since the morning, and then they presented themselves to their strange visitors.

Mgr. Surat was arrested at the



same time with the Archbishop, and accompanied him to the Prefecture of Police, and afterwards, as we shall see, to the other prisons to which he was sent. M. De-guerry, the venerable Curé of the Madeleine, was seized on the morning of the 5th of April (Holy Thursday). His presbytery was attacked, entered, and pillaged, and, though he was able to disguise himself and escape into a neighboring garden, he was seized by a National Guard and hurried off to the Prefecture. The number of arrested persons was gradually swelled. Two Priests of the *Compagnie des Missions Etrangères*, the celebrated society which has sent so many missionaries to China, the Corea, and, indeed, all parts of the heathen world, were seized in the streets on the same 4th of April which had witnessed the arrest of the Archbishop and the Jesuit Fathers. These two priests, M. Houillon and M. Perny, were first of all taken to the College in the Rue Lhomond, whose inmates had just been escorted to the Prefecture, and were in time to witness the last scenes of the sack of that house. One of them saw a young officer of the National Guard possessing himself of the sacred vessels of the altar, which had just been discovered. After many hours' detention, M. Houillon and his companion were taken to the Prefecture. Among other prisoners may also be mentioned one of the Vicaires of Notre-Dame-de-Lo-rette, M. Sabatier, an admirable parish priest, who was told beforehand of the intention to arrest him, but would not fly, and M. l'Abbé Planchat, a simple chaplain of an

orphanage for poor children, a humble, retired, self-denying man, pinching himself to the utmost of rigor for the sake of his poor little *patronage*. The day following, seven seminarists of St. Sulpice were added to the number—they had gone in all simplicity to the Prefecture to ask for passports. The four Fathers of the Congregation of Picpus, whose names we shall find later on in the list of the massacred, were not seized till the 12th of April. They were taken at once to the Conciergerie, which was the second stage in the captivity of the Archbishop and his companions. The Archbishop himself, the President Bonjean, and three Jesuit Fathers, Pères Ducoudray, Clerc, and De Bengy, were transferred to the prison of Mazas as early as the 6th of April. The other prisoners from the Conciergerie followed on April 13.

It need not be said that there was no accusation against all these ecclesiastics of various grades, no formal process of examination or conviction. The pretext appears to have been that they were seized as hostages, to give the Commune some hold upon the Government at Versailles, which might be willing to make some concession for the sake of saving distinguished and honored lives. But the condition of hostage is not a criminal condition, and the Archbishop, Mgr. Surat, the President Bonjean (of the Cour de Cassation, a layman), and the others, were treated with the utmost rigor. Mazas is the place for criminals condemned to long periods of imprisonment. The Archbishop and the rest were conveyed to this place in the "cel-

lular" carriages of the French police—in which each seat is a separate and very small cell, under lock and key, allowing the scantiest possible provision of air and none of light. These "cells" often deprive their inmates of consciousness if the journey during which they are used is at all long. The rigor used with the "hostages" was at first extreme. It is said that the prison authorities received special instructions to aggravate the sufferings of the Archbishop. His cell was most unhealthy; he had no table, no writing materials, not even his breviary. Insults, moreover, which seem to have been the fruit of design, were not wanting to the Archbishop. At last the chief physician of the prison somewhat disconcerted the Commune by informing its members that unless some steps were taken to improve the treatment of the Archbishop he would die in a fortnight. As this would not have suited their purpose, he was removed to a better cell, allowed the use of books and papers, and permitted to receive his food from friends outside. In this second stage of his treatment he received the visit of Mr. Washburne, who published an account of his interview at the time. He describes the appearance of the Archbishop as deplorable and touching, but his spirits were calm and even gay, and to all offers of assistance he replied that at present he was in need of nothing.

P. Olivaint and P. Caubert, who had been left at the Conciergerie for a week after their three brethren, had been relieved and consoled in that prison by the charity of friends

in Paris. Food and other comforts had been conveyed to them, and on the very morning of their departure for Mazas their friends had managed to procure them the ineffable joy of receiving Holy Communion in their cells. A few days after the transference of these two Fathers to Mazas, two more of their brethren were sent to join them, Père Bazin and a lay brother named Aurière. They were the only two of the Jesuits sent to Mazas who escaped with their lives.

All that we are told of the life at Mazas, which lasted for these priests and religious till the fatal day of the 22d of May, speaks of peace, calm, resignation, and prayer. Some of the Fathers had put themselves into retreat from the beginning of their imprisonment. The Père Olivaint seems to have begun the Spiritual exercises in the Prefecture itself, and to have carried them on to the end. The letters from Mazas which are preserved breathe happiness and abandonment to the will of God, a tender interest in their friends outside, and a deep gratitude for the many efforts made to alleviate the hardships of their condition.

Mazas is built on the radiating plan, its long galleries, story above story, all meeting in a central hall, which used to be a chapel; but the Commune had taken care that the prisoners should not have the consolation either of hearing Mass or venerating our Lord in His sacramental presence in the Tabernacle. This want gave occasion to one of the ingenuities of Christian charity which reminds us of the scene in *Fabiola*, where the boy who is sent to carry the Blessed Sacrament to



the prisoners is set upon and murdered in the street. Happily no such fate met the good *religieuses*, for such we believe they were, who procured, for some at least of the prisoners of Mazas, the consolation of receiving, after so long a time of privation, the source of all strength and light in Holy Communion.

On the 11th of May three little *boîtes* were passed into the prison for P. Olivaint, P. Clerc, and P. Ducoudray. Each contained four consecrated hosts. One of the strict regulations of Mazas which was never relaxed was that which forbade any communication or conversation between the prisoners. They might receive visitors, on certain days, as a special favor, but they were absolutely cut off from one another. Thus the Fathers who received the inestimable treasure of the Blessed Sacrament into their cells were unable to share their privileges with those who had not been so happy. By an act of Providence, however, the difficulty was removed just when a few hours more would have made it too late. On the 22d of May the Blessed Sacrament was carried once again to the prison by two ladies, and this time there was provision made for all the Jesuit Fathers. Each one of the five received four sacred hosts, wrapped up in a small corporal, and placed in a small box, which again was put in a silk bag which could be hung round the neck. It was in reality the *viaticum* which had been sent for the Fathers, and for many of their companions also, including the Archbishop.

M. Perny tells us that on Sunday, the 21st of May, some of the servants of the prison had given him

good hope of early deliverance. The army of Versailles was making great progress, and it was thought it would manœuvre so as to obtain possession of Mazas itself. The next morning the same well-wishers brought him the news of the entry of the army into Paris. It was already at the Trocadero and the Champ de Mars. He threw himself on his knees to give thanks to God, but the thought came strongly upon him that the divine justice was not yet appeased. In the afternoon there was still hope, when a gaoler came to tell him that the prisoners were to be transported to La Roquette! La Roquette is the prison for the condemned to death, and there appears to have been some objection to putting the victims to death at Mazas.

La Roquette differed from Mazas in one or two very important particulars. The cells were even worse and more scantily furnished—what could prisoners who were so soon to pass to execution want? Another hardship was that provisions were still more scanty. M. Perny tells us there were forty-two "hostages" on one floor, and more than eighty on another. From whatever cause, however, there was hardly anything to eat during the time that passed between the arrival of the prisoners at La Roquette and their execution, which in the case of the first list of victims took place two days after. Another hardship was the absolute impossibility of communication with friends outside. Nevertheless, these disadvantages were far more than compensated to them by the counteracting blessing of being at least allowed to speak to one another, and assist one an-

other in the preparation for death, which now became the great thought of all. There were two hours of common "recreation" in the day, when the prisoners were allowed to converse together in the gallery outside their cells or in the court below.

These precious hours were well spent by the prisoners at La Roquette. The Archbishop was made acquainted with the existence of the precious treasure which the Jesuit Fathers carried with them, and after making his confession, received communion from the hands of Père Olivaint on the morning of the 24th.

Meanwhile, step by step, the Versailles army, masters of a large part of Paris, were closing in the Commune. Resistance was hopeless, and negotiation was out of the question. Nothing remained but to destroy as much of Paris as was possible, and to fall extinguished amid ruin and bloodshed, like the savage old king who had shed his own children's blood, and was determined that his own death should cause mourning to his enemies by the simultaneous destruction of their own families. At six o'clock on the evening of the 24th of May, the Feast of our Lady the Help of Christians, orders were sent to La Roquette to shoot at once all the hostages. The *greffier*, a sensible and humane man, objected to the order for the sake of gaining time. Three or four soldiers of the Commune, he said, were reported to have been shot at the barricade of the Rue Caumartin. It was obvious there must be a mistake. Sixty lives could never be taken in reprisal for so small a number. The

bearer of the order, perhaps not sorry for the excuse, went back to the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement, and represented what had been said at La Roquette. The Commune agreed to be content with six victims that time, and named the Archbishop, M. Bonjean, M. Deguerry, M. Allard, and the Jesuit Fathers Clerc and Ducoudray. Again the official at La Roquette objected. The Commune had expressly declared it must have the blood of priests, but M. Bonjean was no priest—the list must be inexact. This time the officer was inflexible, and there was no further means of procuring the delay which might, perhaps, have saved the prisoners.

The detachment sent to shoot the hostages was composed of some of the ruffianly band known as *Vengeurs de la Commune*, and of soldiers of different corps. The leader entered the corridor into which the cells opened with great fracas, followed by a horde of his men. One of them shouted out to the prisoners to answer to their names, and the list was then read. The six victims presented themselves calmly. It was eight o'clock at night, and they may well have been thinking that one day more, at least, was passed in safety. La Roquette is surrounded by a double *chemin de ronde*, two walks, one outside the other, between high walls, which separate it from the streets around. The door of the *chemin de ronde* was fastened, and the keys could not be found. Was this another device of the people of the prison to gain time? At all events the doors were broken in. The accounts that are given of this last



scene all agree in speaking of the outrageous insults with which the Vengeurs received their victims. It is said that one of their own officers interfered, saying that they were sent to shoot the men, not to outrage them. The party passed under the windows of the cells in which their companions were confined. These could see the Archbishop giving his arm to M. Bonjean, and the Pères Clerc and Ducoudray supporting the tottering steps of the Curé of the Madeleine. M. Allard, the brave and devoted *aumonier des ambulances*, marched by himself last. One of the prisoners waved his handkerchief from a window, another gave the six victims absolution as they passed. Père Ducoudray returned the salute of his friend, and then was seen to take the viaticum which he had hitherto reserved on his heart. After a time, the wall of the *chemin* hid the whole party from view. The hostages were taken to the southeastern corner of the exterior enceinte, and there ranged in a line. Their friends heard the discharge of a volley, then a few detached shots, and then the stillness of death.

The night was disturbed some time after by the pillage of the cells of the victims by some of their executioners. It might have been thought that there was not much worth plundering there. Very early in the morning a rumbling noise was heard outside: it was the cart taking away the six bodies to be cast into the common *fosse* at Père la Chaise. Thursday, the 24th, passed sadly but quietly. The survivors met as before, at their recreation in the walk, and Mgr.

Surat proposed to some of the priests to make a vow to the Blessed Virgin that if they were saved they would for three years say once a month a mass in her honor. One "hostage" perished on this day—M. Jecker, the Mexican banker. He was summoned to the *greffe*, and never reappeared. The manner and place of his assassination are unknown.

The next day was rainy, and the hostages took their recreation in the corridor instead of out of doors. The bombardment had been raging at no great distance, and the prison seemed somewhat in confusion. The prisoners had very little to eat or drink. It was already well on in the afternoon when an officer of the Commune appeared with a second list. This time the victims were to be in large numbers—fifty at least. The names were called: Père Olivaint, Caubert, and de Bengy, of the Society of Jesus (P. de Bengy's name was badly written, and he himself came forward and answered before the officer could make it out), four Fathers of Piepus, already named, M. Planchat, the chaplain of the *Œuvre des Patronages* (he was called by his friends, the petit St. Vincent de Paul), M. Sabatier, Vicaire of Notre Dame de Lorette, and M. Seigneret, a seminarist of St. Sulpice. Five laymen and about thirty-five soldiers made up the required number. Some of these chosen victims were in slippers, and without their hats, but the officers told them they need not fetch them. They were hurried down-stairs to the *greffe*, and their companions saw and heard no more of them. It was half-past four

when the cortège (having passed from La Roquette to Père la Chaise, and thence by the boulevard and the rue des Amandreis) was passing along the Chaussée Menilmonant. Fifty paces in advance marched a National Guard bareheaded, announcing that the party consisted of some disarmed prisoners made that morning at the Bastille. The condemned followed in file, two and two—very calm. They were told that they were being taken to a place of greater safety than La Roquette, and that no harm would be done them. Only four or five of the priests were in soutane, the rest were in lay dress. The escort was about one hundred and fifty strong. The shops were at first closed as they passed on, but, when they came to the boulevard Puebla, women and children crowded round them, pressed on their line, with imprecations and cries for their death. The crowd increased continually, and the guards had to protect the victims from being torn to pieces. At the Rue de Belleville there was a halt, and it seemed as if the massacre would take place at once. No, they have further to go, a long way along the street, till we reach the Rue Haxo; then they must turn up to the right, as far as No. 86, to a place called the Cité Vincennes, a broken half-open space, apparently, with small houses and gardens round it, where there is a large court in front of a building of considerable size, which had been made into a *quartier général* during the insurrection. There on the left is a half-built *salle de bal champêtre*, left unfinished since the beginning of the Prussian war; it

has a high wall at the further end and at the sides; in front the wall is low, having been only meant to carry a trellis, that the dancers within may have the open air to refresh them. At the Rue de Belleville a sort of military band strikes up and accompanies the victims. No more pause till the Rue de Haxo is reached. Here there is a barricade with a *mitrailleuse*; might it not be well to finish the matter here at once? But no—on to the entrance of the Cité Vincennes, where the passage is so narrow that the crowd is again borne in on the prisoners. One old priest, who could hardly walk, was here dragged out and shot by a woman with a revolver. All the time the insults, cries, outrages had continued—some of the priests only reached the Cité Vincennes with their faces covered with blood.

One account states that the staff of various legions of the National Guard were found in occupation of the sort of hall of which we have spoken. At all events the crowd was far too great for any large number of those who had accompanied the cortège to enter along with the prisoners. Their onward march was at last stopped by the wall at the end. There was no line of soldiers drawn up formally to execute them: they were put to death without order, and by a hundred different hands. For nearly ten minutes or so the crowd outside heard a confused tumult of shouts, the shots of revolvers, the crack of chassepots, and the groans of the victims. The discharges became less frequent, and then there was once more silence. There is reason for thinking that the

murderers did not content themselves with the simple infliction of death on their victims. The bodies were mutilated and half stripped, and then thrown—first those of the priests, then those of the sergents-de-ville, one over the other—into a sort of pit under the *salle de bal*. Two days after they were carefully extracted by a party of soldiers under the guidance of Père Escalle, and with some difficulty recognized.

It would be beyond the purpose of this paper to attempt to give even the slightest account of the dealings of the Communalists with the other victims of their hatred to religion of whom we have already made a passing mention. Doubtless the two months and a half of

the reign of the Commune witnessed many terrible outrages the tale of which will never be told. Here and there the details have come to light, as in the case of the Frères des Écoles Chrétiennes, who were forced to bear arms among the insurgents, and when taken by the Versailles troops, only escaped execution by the production of their scapulars—or, again, of the Sœurs Hospitalières of the Rue d'Enfer, who with the orphans under their charge were turned out into the streets at night by having fire set to their house. Everywhere there was the same insane and diabolical hatred of God and all that belonged to Him, met by the same Christian fortitude, resignation, and charity.

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### BUBBLES.

A BUBBLE rises on the stream,  
And dances down the tide;  
Beneath the sun bright colors gleam,  
And glisten on its side.  
What though, before a moment's past,  
It all must burst in air?  
The little while that it may last,  
The sunshine makes it fair.

I will not care although my dream  
Be what I ne'er may see;  
My hope at least can make it seem  
As though it yet might be.  
A little longer, and I know  
It all may pass away;  
Then, when I must, I'll let it go,  
But keep it while I may.



## "RECENT ADVANCES IN CHRISTIANITY."

WE have lately fallen upon an article, which has afforded us both amusement and food for thought. It is from the pen of the Protestant Reverend J. W. Taylor, D.D., was published in the *Christian Intelligencer*, the organ of the church reformed according to the Dutch, and is entitled "Recent Advances in Christianity."

The chief advantages of the present age, above all preceding ages, the Doctor finds to be "in the widespread power of the Christian Church;" an assertion which we, as good Catholics, hold to be true as regarding our own true Catholic and Apostolic Church. But that the Roman Catholic Church is the only Christian Church, or is at all a Church,—is anything else, in fact, than the "scarlet woman," &c., is an idea the Doctor has no thought of admitting. Far from it. The Christian Church, "the kingdom of Jesus Christ," "the mightiest power upon our continent," "cometh not with observation," but is here nevertheless, "with numbers, resources, agencies, and influences, which portend a splendid future." From this, it is evident what to the Doctor's mind the Christian Church is. It is not the body of Christ. It is not Christ personally present in the world, ruling and overruling the hearts of man to His will. It is something that "cometh not with observation," but consists nevertheless of "numbers" (men), "resources" (money), "agencies" (machinery), and "influences" (per-

suasives), which by their grand array and show—not by what they have done and are doing—"portend a splendid future." Hear our Doctor himself:

"All the great Bible, missionary, tract, Sunday-school, reformatory, philanthropic, and evangelizing institutions of the world, are the growth of this nineteenth century. More than fifty thousand evangelical ministers, not including the local preachers of the Methodist and other denominations, statedly proclaim the great essential truths of salvation in our states and territories from Sabbath to Sabbath, being one such minister to about every eight hundred souls. Hospitals, asylums, homes, humane institutions, Christian associations for the young of both sexes, and the admirable system of city evangelization, adorn and bless all our crowded cities. Academies, colleges, universities, theological seminaries by the hundred, cover the whole country. And when did Christian beneficence ever manifest itself in such proportions as in the centenary fund of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the memorial offering of the re-united Presbyterian Church, and in more than princely endowments of some of our colleges and charities?"

Such is the constitution of the Doctor's Christian Church—Christian by reason of the total absence of a personal Christ from it! These are the agencies, and the resources, which portend such splendid results. And all this is the growth

of this nineteenth century—previous to which, all, we suppose we are to presume, was darkness and desolation. No Bible, no missionary, reformatory, philanthropic, and evangelizing institutions then prevailed—no Church—no Christ. We are, on the contrary, greatly of the opinion, that the future that will be produced by these wonderful reformatory agencies will shine with splendor of the same character as that of the past they produced, and of the present they are now producing. A Christian Church that depends upon Bible societies, missionary, tract, and Sunday-school and reformatory organizations, outside of its pale and jurisdiction, for the salvation of its members and of the world, has indeed little of Christ in it; has no claim to the title Christian, and is no church at all. And the fact that these “philanthropic,” “reformatory,” and “humane institutions” have existed in the past, and are necessary now, together with “hospitals,” “asylums,” “homes,” and “Christian associations,” argues to our mind a future of no very “splendid” character at all. We look in vain for fruits of a positive character at all commensurate with the boasted importance of these evangelizing institutions. We look in vain, wherever and whenever we look, for a single nation, or tribe, or community, or village, that has been evangelized or Christianized by the “great Bible, missionary, tract, or Sunday-school” agencies, or by any of the evangelical “growths of this nineteenth century.” In view of the “fifty thousand evangelical ministers,” who “from Sabbath to Sabbath pro-

claim the great essential truths of salvation,” *has society at heart* become better—purer—more Christian and Christlike? What effect has the “admirable system of city evangelization” had upon our cities? Is there less vice and dissipation among the lower classes, and dishonesty, corruption, embezzlement, and rascality added to these vices, among the upper? And do these vices exist only among the ignorant, and are they unknown among those who have had the reformatory and purifying advantages of the academies, colleges, universities, &c., which cover our country? Are our present legislators and rulers much superior to Washington, Hamilton, and those of “continental” times in point of patriotism and love of country? Is the number of our jails and penitentiaries, almshouses, and homes diminishing under the renovating influences of these agencies of this so-constituted Christian Church? How about the social evil under the training of youth in our public schools in morals and virtue? What has been the effect of the Total Abstinence, Sons of Temperance, Good Templar, and other temperance associations upon the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the consequent dissipation and vice? Let our daily papers, police, criminal and educational statistics give the answer. Let the “Ring” and other similar investigations reply. Go to the churches of this so-called Christian Church, and hear the “essential truths of salvation” propounded thus and so, in all their multitudinous variety and contrariety, and look at their votaries. Who are

they who sit in costly attire upon their cushioned seats? Are they the poor to whom the Saviour Himself desired the gospel preached? Where are the poor belonging to these Christian congregations? They are not to be found. There are no seats for them; the churches are for fashionable, refined society. Are we speaking the truth? Go and see for yourselves.

And these notable charities! these hospitals and homes! how charitable they are in their management, and how truly benevolent their founders, let Rev. J. F. Ware, pastor of the Church of our Saviour (according to Unitarianism), of Baltimore, Maryland, declare. (We quote from a report of his sermon on the "Idiosyncrasies of Charity," contained in the *Baltimore Sun*.)

"He then referred to various forms of charity, and in relation to donations of money, he said there is no record that Christ ever dismissed a man with a gift of money. That is our common, cheapest form of charity. Christ and His friends were poor, but they had a common purse—a purse for their wants and a purse for charity. The absence of the money-giving form of charity was noticeable as a thing of cause and season. It was not the best way. It did not meet the case. Human sorrow, suffering, weakness, loss, sin—the great common brotherhood, need other application. Jesus might have been the most princely of almsgivers. He might have outdone all that monarchs in kingly triumph have done. But then there would have been no precious teaching of just what man needed to learn."

"Nothing exasperated him so

much as the mean thing man makes of charity—the variety and servility of the dodges by which he manages to slip his neck out from the yoke of duty, and the ingenuity and the devices by which he contrives 'how not to do it.' Even charity managers seem to be wanting in charity's self. Save him from being poor, and having to take such things as the gauge of other men's charity. Indeed, there is not a more heartless, soulless thing than the machine charity of institutions, or the curt, soul-cutting questions, remarks and investigations that agents and committee men and women consider themselves licensed to make. There is a meanness in giving and a meanness of gift that only degrades both parties and perpetuates the evil. The gift is bad in kind and manner."

"The poor have feelings, and it should be an object of every charity to help the recipient into self-respect. God demands a heart in their charity, and a little human sympathy. He would not deny that there is a great deal of time and attention given in this city to want and suffering, and a great deal done toward their alleviation. The Catholics have always been noted for their concern for human woe and want, and their charities have outlived the centuries and made a name imperishable, as well as done a work for the Romish Church all the splendor of her service and all the discipline of her authorities could not have achieved. And today by the same means, her care of orphans, her hospitals, and her schools, from under the very eyes of a supine Protestantism, she is



sweeping with her net the colored race."

"But her charities are church charities, and not the Christian charity that has no church limits. He sees a sign of 'Church Home,' and there an Episcopalian does his charity to his own. He reads of the 'Methodist Old Ladies' Home,' and so on. Shall a man waste and die because in all this city he cannot find a place to whose creed he can say amen? The same may be said about the noble secret institutions. All have done and are doing much to relieve the fatherless and widow, the suffering and the destitute, and he respected them for their deeds. But the necessity of their existence is a standing rebuke to the Church. The Christian work the (Protestant) Church neglected they took up."

But there are other cheering signs "portending a splendid future."

"We live in an age of repeated and extensive revivals of religion, so great that future historians will be compelled to acknowledge them among the chief spiritual instrumentalities of the period."

Where these "repeated and extensive revivals" have taken or are taking place, and where their fruits are to be found, we do not know. The only revivals, repeated and extensive, which have come to our cognizance as peculiarly notable in the current history of the present age, are those of corruption and crime, infidelity and perjury. These are, however, not religious. Catholics are, we freely grant it, not acquainted with revivals of religion of such character. They believe

that the Christian Church is the Body of Christ; is an *ever-living* institution; *eternal* in its very constitution; is animated by the personal presence of Christ within it, and they can't understand how it could be revived at all. Accordingly we confess we have not a very high estimate of a *Christian* Church that requires "repeated revivals." We can only regard such a church as unchristian and dead, a mere sham, and no church at all. We can argue no "splendid future" as the product of such a church.

But "the Word of God is now published in two hundred and fifty-two versions, of which two hundred and five were never printed before the British and Foreign Bible Society began its work in 1804. . . . There is not now a single great nation upon the globe which obstructs the circulation of the Bible by legal enactments. . . . Russia, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Turkey, India, China, Japan, Egypt, Mexico, the South and Central American Republics, Brazil, Africa, and the islands of the ocean, are all open to the Bible, the missionary, and the Church of Christ. Even in Rome, 'the Word of God is not bound.' It has been freely circulated on the steps of the Vatican, and under the dome of St. Peter's, and the sign of the 'American Bible Society' in large letters is upon a depository opposite the papal palace."

What shall we say of this? It were amusing were it not blasphemy itself. *Your* "Bible," Doctor, published in two hundred and fifty-two versions is anything else than the Word of God, and, having it, you

have not that Word. We believe the Word of God is, as St. John declares in the first chapter of his Gospel, none other than the Word made flesh, the incarnate Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Him, the living Word, have you rejected and discarded from your churches, and have taken for your guide and God the record merely of that living Word. This, the dead letter of the law, you have placed in your churches, and made their corner-stones; and have driven the Lord of the temple from His dwelling-place. Hence we say your church, Christian in name, is not Christian in truth; and its fruits show it. Its ministers and missionaries, tract agents, &c., proclaim the "essential doctrines of salvation" in accordance with the contradictory tenets of its contradictory churches, and with open "Bibles" in their hands, expound them to the isles of the ocean; but though they may sound forth the knowledge of a Saviour, they bring no Saviour to them. And what is the practical result? After them, and with them, go merchants and tradesmen of like faith, who exemplify the practical fruits of their Protestant Christianity, by fleecing the newly-converted natives of their wealth, enriching themselves with their substance, sowing the seeds of dissension among them, and, as has wellnigh been the case with the American Indians, *improving them out of existence*. Wherever the influence of this Protestant Christian Church has been felt—as manifested in the conduct and influence of citizens of Protestant nations—among uncivilized and barbarous peoples, it has ever

proved the sentence and forerunner of their destruction; and history, moreover, testifies most clearly that the effect of its presence among the civilized has been to unsettle society, to breed anarchy and oppression, and to foster infidelity. Thus the Protestant Church—the Church of the "Bible," but not the Church of God—has bound the Word of God and prevented that His Church shall run and be glorified.

From this sign, Doctor, thinking as we do, we can augur no "splendid future," either to our age, or to your so-called Christianity; but a future sad and foreboding indeed.

We come now to the last and most important augury of the splendid future in reserve for this so-called Christian Church.

"Meanwhile the great historical props of the Papacy have given way. Austria, Spain, and France, no longer under Jesuit rule, but under the sway of liberal governments, protect the civil and religious rights of their people; and within a fortnight, the king and court and parliament of United Italy, have made the City of the Cæsars and of the Pope, the capital of the new kingdom. The relation of these events to the march of Protestant Christianity, and to the overthrow of the temporal and spiritual supremacy of the Papacy, cannot be misunderstood nor underrated by any dispassionate observer. . . . The ascendancy of Germany, Great Britain, and the American Union in the councils of the nations, since the conclusion of the great wars of this decade, completes the circle of those immense events which have so thoroughly

changed the political and religious aspects of the world. The French Empire and the Commune have perished together, and by their own bloody hands. The world has more to hope for its liberties and civilization from William and Bismarck than ever it had from the Napoleons or the Red Republic. The destruction of the great bronze column in the Place Vendome which commemorated the victories of the first Bonaparte, whose statue crowned its lofty capital, and when shattered by its fall, was spit upon by the angry populace who pulled it down, has found its parallel in the self-exile of the aged Pio Nono, in the dreary halls of the Vatican; and the excommunicated Italian king sits calmly upon his new throne in the Quirinal. So, too, the famous Œcumenical Council, which, amid the most awful thunder and lightning of the elements, proclaimed the infallibility of the Roman pontiff, and never sat again, has awakened the echoes of the reformation of the sixteenth century, in the schism and protest of the formidable 'Old Catholic' Church, headed by the venerable Döllinger and other excommunicated leaders of their faith."

How utterly Godless, Christless, this Protestant Christianity, whose "splendid future" depends upon national ascendancy and influence! How unlike is it to the Kingdom of God, the Church of Christ! No historical props now support, or ever have, or ever will support it. No, the Roman Church, the Catholic Church, the Church of Christ, is built, not on the shifting sands of earth, but on the rock of ages. She took her origin when the morning

stars sang together for joy, comprehends both time and eternity, and reaches from earth to heaven. Of her communion are the cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels, patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and the glorious army of martyrs and confessors. She is the prop, the stay, the preserver, the salt of this earth, and it is owing to her prayers that it exists. Thus, she is before history, and the source of all history. She is Immanuel—God with us—for she is the body of Christ, the Son of the living God, and partakes of the fulness of His most glorious perfections. Of her has it been written, "*God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the earth melted.*" (Ps. 46.)

Nations may rise against her, and on the angry billows of their wrath may she be tossed as was the fisher-bark on Galilee's stormy waves; or, as the column of Vendome, her aged Priest may be cast down from his throne; but God is walking over those waves, and they can harm her not, and shall obey his "Peace, be still;" and him who now an exile sits dethroned, the scoff of those who know not what they do, will God raise up, and, like the Vendome column which now, cleansed from the stains of age and vulgar contact, rears its head aloft in freshened beauty, shall seat again upon his throne, the recipient of increased dignity and honor. Thus has it been, thus is it now, thus will it ever be. "It must needs be that scandals come; but nevertheless woe to that man



by whom the scandal cometh." And it hath ever been woe to them. The history of the Church of Christ is written in all its completeness in the history of Him whose body it is. "You shall be hated by all men for my name's sake." It was recorded already by Isaiah in the fifty-third chapter of his prophecy, and realized in all the occurrences of our Lord's eventful life. "He was despised and rejected of men." "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." "He was taken from prison and from judgment, and who shall declare His generation, for He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of my people was He stricken." Gloomy, indeed, was the future before His disciples in those sad days! Joyful the future to His persecutors; for had they not imprisoned, nay, destroyed and buried Him who had been the cause to them of so much trouble? But how soon and marked the change! Sorrow changes to joy, and joy to the blackness of sorrow. The stone the builders despised and rejected, falling upon them, ground them to powder, and became the head of the corner. Such was the history of the Church of Christ when embodied in His own adorable person, when he tabernacled on earth with men. Thus has it ever been; so will it ever be until the consummation of all time; until that day when

our dear Lord shall come, of which He says, "But yet, the Son of man, when He cometh shall he find, think you, faith on earth?" Even then, we are told, the world shall be as it was in the days of Noah, when it "stank in the nostrils of the Lord," and fearful, indeed, is the description of the days of His coming, as told by Himself, and recorded by St. Matthew. Men will be immersed in the pursuits of sensual and selfish gratification, will drag, as it were, the Deity from His throne, banish Him from the earth, and lifting sacrilegious hands against His Church, will cast Him from them, and draw down ruin upon themselves. Yes, no such splendid future as our Doctor desires and foretells does the Bible promise to the Church of Christ. It is her lot to be blessed, not in the enjoyment of ease, but in the suffering of persecution. "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly for my sake. Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven." From these signs of the times, so flattering in the Doctor's estimation, we draw inferences of a future which, however much of pain and suffering it shall bring to our holy Church, shall yet bless and establish her; but which, in the midst of their apparent joy and happiness, shall overwhelm her persecutors in the destruction they had prepared for her.

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## SELF-CONQUEST; OR, THE ROAD TO PEACE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

## CHAPTER XV.

HONORINE was now comparatively rich: provided with board and lodging, earning thirty francs a month, and having few wants, and no whims to gratify, she was able, occasionally, to assist the indigent. Her practical experience of poverty rendered her doubly sensitive to the privations of others, and she spent her leisure hours in working for the poor of the neighborhood, visiting them in their wretched abodes, and affording them consolation and relief. Though the future still looked clouded and gloomy, Honorine was not cast down or discouraged, nor could she altogether banish the thought that there were brighter days in store. But even if destined to continue permanently in her present position, she felt she could be happy in serving others, and especially in teaching young hearts to know that God who had become her all. Full well did she now recognize, and deeply did she appreciate, the salutary uses of adversity. It was a proud and happy day for her, when, after having prepared a number of young pupils for their first Communion, she accompanied them to the altar to accomplish this sacred act, she had the satisfaction of finding the children do credit to her care, Mrs. Everard's pupils being particularly noted for their recollection, modesty, and fervor. After Mass, as she was returning with

them to Mrs. Everard's she was observed by two ladies, who had delayed on their way from the church to look at the interesting procession. Honorine blushed deeply on perceiving that she had attracted their attention: her first impulse was to lower her veil, but the next moment the Countess St. Alban and her daughter were beside her.

"Excuse me, madam," said the countess, "you remind me forcibly of a young person whose absence is a source of great anxiety to her friends. I have not the honor of your acquaintance, but the more I look at you, the more fully convinced am I that you must be Miss Mason."

These few words excited a violent struggle in Honorine's mind. Only those who are acquainted with all the weaknesses and windings of the human heart, can understand how strongly her former pride was aroused.

She was weak enough to yield to its suggestions and replied, abruptly—

"Resemblances are frequently deceptive, madam."

Painful as it would be to meet any of her former acquaintances, she felt it particularly so to encounter those who must be aware of her unkindness to Mrs. Belmour.

The Countess St. Alban bowed, apologized, and withdrew. On reflection, Honorine was fully sensible how wrongly she had acted in again

yielding to that fatal pride which had already been so severely punished, and she reproached herself the more bitterly, as it was evident the Countess St. Alban's advances could have been influenced only by the kindest feelings. The thought suggested itself, that it would be unwise to renew acquaintance with persons of superior rank, and a deviation from the order of Providence, to quit the humble position in which God had placed her. But conscience whispered that these and similar arguments were, in truth, the result of false humility, or, more correctly speaking, of deep-rooted pride.

In the evening of the same day, after leaving the children entrusted to her at their different homes, she went on her way back to visit a poor old man to whom she had been for some time an angel of peace and consolation. It was nearly dark when she left his humble dwelling, and before she had gone many steps, she was much alarmed at feeling some person lay hold of her dress. She turned, and, to her surprise, beheld her former servant Jane, who threw herself at her feet, and asked her forgiveness. Honorine raised her, assuring her of free pardon, and asked if she could be in any way useful to her.

"Ah, miss," said Jane, "I have been well punished for being so ungrateful, and speaking so unkindly of you. I have known nothing but sorrow since; I never could meet such an easy place as yours, and now, after having engaged in several, I have been for a long time without one. Being compelled to live at home, I have a great deal to suffer, for my father's

temper has become dreadfully soured since he lost his appointment as foreman, and has been reduced to the rank of an ordinary workman; besides, he is perpetually drinking. Fretting has made my poor mother so ill that I cannot look for employment, as she has no one but me to attend her. The priest who came to see us told us we should trust in God, and said many other good things. I at last understood that the Almighty was now punishing me for my sins; I have confessed them, and the good vicar has given me absolution, on condition that I would make amends for them, if in my power; still I could not feel at peace with the Almighty until you have forgiven me."

"I repeat, Jane, I have not the slightest feeling of unkindness towards you; and I am very sorry for your family misfortunes. Tell me where your mother lives; I will go and see her."

"Oh, not this evening, dear Miss Honorine; my father is at home, and he is such a terrible man; but if you could come to-morrow, while he is at work."

From that time, Honorine let no day pass without sparing a little time from her ordinary occupations to visit Jane's mother. The unfortunate woman was suffering from cancer, and her torture was excruciating; still Honorine assisted Jane in dressing the repulsive sore, and did all she could to supply the poor woman's wants, devoting to this object her own trifling savings, the proceeds of a small collection among the pupils, and a little donation which Mrs. Everard added, when informed of



the melancholy case. In addition to her natural repugnance to attend on so loathsome a disease, Honorine had much to endure from the rudeness of the poor sufferer's husband; perpetually intoxicated, he never met her in his house but to insult her; still she maintained her courage, trying only to avoid his presence as much as possible, and exhorting the dying woman to imitate the patience of her crucified Saviour, and His merciful forgiveness of His enemies.

One day she found the poor invalid so weak, she felt almost certain her sufferings must be near their termination. While she read the prayers for the dying for the comfort of the departing soul, she was so absorbed in her devotions as not to hear a knock at the door; however, she observed that Jane rose from her knees, and she thought she heard her speaking to some one in the adjoining room. She continued her prayers alone, until, finding it was time to return to her school duties, she looked round to Jane to leave her some directions about her mother. What was her surprise at seeing Louisa Grenville standing beside Jane, near the fire-place, her eyes affectionately fixed on her.

Honorine stood motionless with surprise. Mrs. Belmour approached her, and kindly taking her hand, said, "Dear Honorine, why have you so long and so unkindly concealed yourself from your friends—from friends who have vainly tried every possible means to discover you? Do not find fault with this young girl," said she, pointing to Jane, who was suffused with blushes; "she has not be-

trayed you: for I saw you coming in. But now, dearest Honorine, now that I have found you, I declare I will not leave you, without ascertaining where you live, that I may see you again. It is useless to turn away your head, or avert your eyes. I must meet you once more; for I have many things to tell you."

Honorine was too much affected, too deeply agitated, to answer this affectionate appeal. She maintained a profound silence, and, in deep confusion, fixed her eyes on the ground.

"Well," resumed Louisa, "will you not at least tell me that you are not displeased at meeting your earliest and oldest friend? Oh! my beloved Honorine, but one thing is wanted to complete my happiness, and that is, to find you respond to an affection which, since the first day I saw you, has never diminished."

"Your goodness overwhelms me," said Honorine. "Ah! how could I so long have mistaken such noble friendship. Oh! Louisa, oh! Mrs. Belmour, you have conquered my pride. Do now what you please with a heart which should have been always yours, and kindly forgive my injustice." Honorine burst into a flood of tears, and, during a prolonged silence, sobbed and wept bitterly. At length she exclaimed, "Blessed, a thousand times blessed, be Thou, my God, for having deprived me of those fatal gifts which separated me from Thee; for having led me back to Thee by the path of tribulations, and preserved to me so generous and faithful a friend!"

Honorine rapturously seized Mrs.

Belmour's hand, and pressed it to her lips.

"Henceforth," she said, "my whole life, and every feeling of my heart is yours; too happy if I can thus atone for my base ingratitude."

Mrs. Belmour gently endeavored to calm her friend's agitation, and again inquired her present residence.

"I cannot be so completely my own enemy," said Honorine, "as to refuse to answer you. Come, and I will show you the lowly abode where I first found peace and afterwards happiness."

After giving Jane directions what to do for her mother, whose death she believed to be very near, Honorine and Mrs. Belmour went away together.

"I met a lady this morning," said the latter, after they had gone a little distance, "who is also most anxious about you, and would be truly delighted to meet you again. She is the more anxious to find you, as her son's new duties will in future deprive her of his society. I am sure it is unnecessary to mention her name."

"Oh! how I long to see Mrs. Blundell, and to express all I feel, all I wish to be to her!" exclaimed Honorine.

Mrs. Blundell's name vividly revived the recollection of her mother, and all the incidents of her childhood. Mrs. Belmour, not wishing to intrude on feelings so sacred, maintained silence until they reached Mrs. Everard's residence. After a few moments' delightful intercourse, they parted, promising to meet the next day.

Honorine shed tears of regret, affection, and joy. How, indeed,

could she refrain from deep emotion at receiving these evidences of persevering friendship from those whom she had treated so unworthily? "It is evidently the will of Providence," she said, "that I should yield at last to entreaties so pressing and so cordial." Then again the idea of mixing in the world filled her with alarm, perfect as she knew her immediate friends to be. "May the recollection of my former errors," she exclaimed, "aided by Thy grace, preserve me, O my God, from future dangers! I cannot refrain from apprehension as the thought of quitting the humble, obscure position in which I first learned to know Thee!"

Early the next morning, Jane informed Honorine, with bitter tears, that her mother had died during the night, and that with her latest breath she had invoked the blessings of Heaven on Miss Mason.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WE have seen that neither Mrs. Blundell's nor Mrs. Belmour's interest in Honorine had been at all diminished by her obstinate determination to conceal her abode, or her ungracious rejection of their former advances. The solemn promise given by Matilda to her beloved Lucy, and Louisa's knowledge of the unworthiness of the person charged with Honorine's education, fully exonerated the poor victim of duplicity in the eyes of her truly Christian friends. Congeniality of feelings and wishes soon established a strict friendship between these two virtuous ladies, and the St. Alban family also participated in their views

and sentiments. Mrs. Belmour was not surprised at Honorine's determined opposition to her advances. She knew her proud spirit too well not to feel certain that loss of fortune and beauty would not subdue it entirely, or at once. However, she cherished the hope that it would yield in time to reason and religion.

This was likewise the opinion of Mrs. Blundell, who, besides having known the orphan from infancy, possessed too perfect a knowledge of the human heart not to understand the difficulty of subduing a will so determined as hers. From this conviction it was that she had deemed it prudent, instead of communicating directly with her dear Lucy's daughter, to confide her to the watchful care of the Abbé des Roches.

He, as we have seen, also quickly perceived the sensitive delicacy of Miss Mason's disposition, as well as the strength of her yet ill-subdued pride; and easily inferred the repugnance she must naturally feel in consequence, to accept the disinterested kindness of those whom in her days of prosperity she had treated with disdain. A character like hers must, he felt, be managed most judiciously, yet its very strength inspired him with the liveliest hope that she would ultimately attain an eminent degree of Christian virtue. Stern reprehension would, he saw, be ill-adapted to heal the wounds of her already bruised heart, and he concluded on leaving it to time to mature the fruits of which he already saw the precious blossoms.

His object was nearly accomplished, when Providence, in its

inscrutable designs, summoned him from a world which he had so long edified by his virtues.

After the melancholy event, Mrs. Blundell returned to Paris, and at once made every effort to discover her dear Honorine. She and Mrs. Belmour mutually concerted various plans for this end, and their joint affection for the young orphan soon became a powerful bond of friendship between themselves.

On the very day of the happy discovery, which had been brought about by the meeting with the Countess St. Alban, Mrs. Belmour came to give an account of her success. The friends were at once rejoiced and affected at her touching description of the circumstances under which she had encountered Honorine. Convinced by evidences so decisive of the happy change which adversity had wrought in her, they became doubly anxious to go and see her at once, and the countess was in the act of ordering the carriage, when Mrs. Belmour reminded her that it would only be considerate to spare Miss Mason all excessive excitement; and that, besides, Mrs. Blundell's claims being prior to all others, she should be suffered first to visit the adopted child for whom she had so long yearned with a mother's love.

Honorine had scarcely dismissed her pupils, and retired to her little room, at twelve o'clock the following day, when she heard a gentle knock at the door. Remembering Louisa's promised visit, she felt sure it was she, and quickly came forward. It was indeed Mrs. Belmour—not alone, however, but accompanied by an elderly lady of a most sweet and prepossessing coun-



tenance, which Honorine's heart at once told her could belong only to Mrs. Blundell. Emotion so completely deprived both of speech that they could only embrace each other, and shed tears of affection and joy, while Mrs. Belmour delightfully contemplated the happy scene.

"My dearly loved child," said Mrs. Blundell, "let me hope to find in you at last the consolation I so much require. A dying friend told me I might rely on your love; surely you will not disappoint her expectations and mine. Her last words were a prayer for the child from whom she was summoned away, and a protestation of affection both for that precious child and for me. Quit me no more, dear Honorine; I have already suffered so much in consequence of our separation, that it would be cruel to prolong it. You can lengthen my life, and insure the happiness of my old age. Here," she added, handing her a small case, "here, at least, is one who will, I hope, plead in my favor." Honorine tremblingly opened it, and found it to contain her mother's portrait. At sight of it, her tears flowed abundantly, but they soothed her, for she fancied she could read in Lucy's expressive features the pardon of her past errors.

She was at length able to respond to these affectionate advances, and did so in terms which fully proved how thoroughly she had eradicated all her foolish and mistaken pride. Humbly and candidly admitting her many faults, she owned that the affection of her second mother had placed her at the pinnacle of

earthly happiness. Mrs. Blundell was so rejoiced at being reunited to her adopted daughter, that she was unwilling to return home without her; but Honorine begged for a little time to recollect herself, in the presence of her Maker, and to become familiar with the idea of happiness. As she had also several arrangements to make before leaving the village, Mrs. Blundell could not refuse her reasonable request, although she parted from her with regret, and only under a promise that next day they were to meet again and separate no more.

In the interval, Honorine informed Mrs. Everard of the change in her prospects, and related to her the principal events of her life. The good woman could not help regretting the loss her pupils would sustain in Honorine's departure, as well as the injury she anticipated to herself in consequence; but she was too sincerely attached to her invaluable assistant not to rejoice at her happiness. In her fears for the prosperity of her school, she was, however, mistaken, for, thanks to Mrs. Blundell, and Mrs. Belmour's patronage, she was soon able to extend her establishment, by engaging the services of several well-educated young persons as partners or assistants.

After making arrangements for the funeral of Jane's mother, Honorine promised the penitent girl to solicit Mrs. Blundell's permission to take her again into her employment. This request was complied with, and the poor girl made ample amends for all her faults, by unlimited and untiring fidelity and attachment.

Honorine next visited her poor

people; and having taken leave of her weeping pupils, thought only of returning thanks to God for his abundant blessings.

Next morning, after fervently receiving the Holy Communion, she proceeded with Mrs. Belmour to the house of that lady, where she met Mr. Belmour, his children, the Countess St. Alban, and her daughter. Her heart throbbed so violently when she entered the room, that she could scarcely see who were present. But her self-possession was soon restored by the affectionate reception she met from her old friends, the Countess St. Alban and her daughter Henrietta.

Mr. Belmour was of middle age, and eminently respectable. He had served in the army with distinction, and throughout his military career had never swerved from that fidelity to honor and religion which redounds so highly to the soldier's glory and merit.

Louisa Grenville was distantly related to him. He had always been deeply interested about her unhappy mother; and having had an opportunity of appreciating his cousin's virtue and good qualities during her residence with the Countess St. Alban, he determined on securing their mutual happiness, by uniting her fate with his.

This marriage was strongly opposed by some of Mr. Belmour's friends, but he persevered in his resolution, and never had reason to regret his generous impulse.

He received his wife's friend with that courtesy for which he was remarkable, and said that Louisa had prepossessed him so strongly in Miss Mason's favor that he could not but feel pleasure

at seeing her restored to her attached friends. This kind reception reassured Honorine, and she respectfully thanked Mr. Belmour for his consideration, adding, with tears in her eyes, that her greatest happiness would henceforth be to prove herself worthy of such generous friendship. She gratefully and affectionately acknowledged the kindness lavished on her, especially by the amiable Louisa; but she anxiously looked around for Mrs. Blundell, whose absence surprised her.

"Where is my second mother?" said she, at length; "I long to renew my protestations of affection and devotion to her. Yesterday I was so overcome, that I could but imperfectly return her tender and generous affection."

"Mrs. Blundell," replied Mrs. Belmour, "is preparing for a ceremony which, for a mother, is invested with particular solemnity. This day her son Arthur celebrates his first Mass."

As she spoke the folding-doors were thrown open, and Mrs. Blundell entered, her countenance beaming with celestial joy. Her eyes filled with tears when she saw Honorine, who threw herself into her arms without uttering a syllable, and then, falling on her knees, asked her blessing.

"Child of my loved Lucy," said Mrs. Blundell, in a solemn tone, "I have ever felt a mother's love for you, but from this day I formally adopt you as my daughter." Then, after a long silence, she continued, "Oh! my God, how sweetly dost Thou arrange all things! The very day on which Thou callest my son to Thyself, Thou providest me

with a companion for my loneliness, an immense consolation for my declining years. Vouchsafe, oh, Lord! to pour down Thy choicest blessings on my beloved Honorine. Thou knowest how fully and freely I accepted this precious legacy of my friend's affection. Let the bond which Thy grace has formed become daily stronger, so that nothing may ever weaken it; and may the virtues and piety of the excellent mother be again revived in this child of a special Providence!"

Mrs. Blundell pronounced the latter words with her eyes raised to Heaven, her hands extended over Miss Mason's head, and in a tone of voice so solemn and touching, that none could withstand it.

Honorine was completely overcome; a sudden paleness suffused her countenance, and she fell fainting into the arms of Mrs. Belmour, who tenderly supported her. She soon recovered, and her first words were, "Oh! my God, how merciful Thou art! What have I done to merit such a multitude of blessings?"

It was now time to go to Saint Sulpice, where the young priest was to celebrate the sacred mysteries. Mrs. Blundell withdrew first. "This," said she, "is the happiest day of my life. For a long time I considered Arthur's vocation as a sacrifice imposed on my maternal love; now I can look on it with feelings of unalloyed pleasure; I comprehend the ineffable favor which the Almighty has bestowed on us both, by calling my son to his own immediate service. I can never be sufficiently grateful for such a blessing."

Mrs. Belmour and the ladies quickly followed Mrs. Blundell; they all assisted at the solemn sacrifice, and received the Holy Communion from the young priest. Honorine wept during the entire Mass. Aided by divine light, she clearly saw the follies of her early years, and firmly resolved to do all in her power to repair the faults of her youth. From that moment she became an angel of piety, virtue, and humility. Her life glided on, calm and unruffled as a summer day. Evincing on every occasion the utmost filial deference towards the venerable Mrs. Blundell, she steadily pursued her Christian career. Each day of her existence was marked by the practice of good works, and in the fulfilment of her duties, and the delightful intercourse of holy friendship, she enjoyed a happiness which henceforth was to be uninterrupted.

About ten years after, an unexpected circumstance recalled many varied recollections. Going one day with Mrs. Blundell to visit a poor family, somebody pointed to an adjoining room, in which a woman rather advanced in years, was dying. She had, they said, been living there quite alone for several months, and appeared to be in extreme destitution. The two charitable ladies hastened to offer this unfortunate being consolation and assistance; but what was Honorine's astonishment at recognizing in this wretched invalid, Mrs. Montfort herself! Although oppressed with sickness, she was the first to recognize the victim of her wicked plots. "Miss Mason," said she, "Heaven has been your



friend; you can now enjoy the gratification of revenge."

Honorine could not restrain her emotion: her eyes filled with tears; she drew near the poor creature's bed, and spoke so affectionately, that Mrs. Montfort exclaimed: "Is it possible you have come here only to forgive?"

Mrs. Blundell profited by the moment of grace to speak the language of religion to the guilty

woman. Her words were not rejected. From that period, Honorine and her adopted mother attended with the kindest affection on Mrs. Montfort, who survived several days; was reconciled to her Maker, whom she had so grievously offended, and died blessing our holy religion, which alone can inspire such heroic sentiments, and prompt the execution of such noble actions.

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### DANIEL O'CONNELL.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, the greatest of Catholic laymen, and the most distinguished of Irishmen, was born at Carhen, in Kerry, on the 6th of August, 1775. At that gloomy period Ireland was in the lowest depth of penal persecution, and an Irish Catholic can hardly restrain himself within the ordinary limits of language when writing of that melancholy era. The following picture is from the pen of an English Protestant historian, Henry Hallam:

"No Papist was allowed to keep a school, or to teach any in private houses, except the children of the family. Severe penalties were denounced against such as should go themselves, or send others for education beyond seas in the Romish religion: and on probable information given to a magistrate, the burden of proving the contrary was thrown on the accused; the offence not to be tried by a jury, but by justices at the quarter sessions. Inter-marriages between persons of

different religion, and possessing any estates in Ireland, were forbidden; the children, in case of either parent being Protestant, might be taken from the other to be educated in that faith. No Papist could be a guardian to any child; but the Court of Chancery might appoint some relation or other person to bring up the ward in the Protestant religion. The eldest son being a Protestant, might turn his father's estate in fee simple into a tenancy for life, and thus secure his own inheritance. But if the children were all Papists, the father's lands were to be of the nature of gavelkind, and descend equally among them. Papists were disabled from purchasing lands, except for terms of not more than thirty-one years, at a rent not less than two-thirds of the full value. They were even to conform within six months after any title should accrue by descent, devise, or settlement, on pain of forfeiture to the next Protestant heir; a provision which seems in-

tended to exclude them from real property altogether, and to render the other almost supererogatory. No Papist was permitted to retain arms, and search might be made by any two justices. The bare celebration of Catholic rites was not subjected to any fresh penalties; but regular priests, bishops, and others claiming jurisdiction, and all who should come into the kingdom from foreign parts, were banished, on pain of transportation in case of neglecting to comply, and of high treason in case of returning from banishment."\*

Such was the degraded condition of the Catholics of Ireland at the time of O'Connell's birth; and yet, before he sank to the tomb, he saw almost all the chains removed which hung upon freedom of conscience. It would be ungenerous to the memory of those who preceded O'Connell (such as John Keogh), and of those who labored with him, such as Sheil and others, not to recognize their honorable share in the good work; but the calmest historical survey coincides with the national gratitude which has given to O'Connell, by especial distinction, the proud title of "Liberator."

O'Connell's father, though descended from a family linked with the ancient glories of Ireland, was, as his illustrious son used often to say, "a plain country gentleman." At the age of fourteen, young Daniel (who had been receiving instruction from a priest, the Rev. Mr. Harrington) was sent to Louvain, and subsequently to St. Omer and Douai. In 1793 he returned home, and after a few years spent in the usual pre-

liminaries, he donned the wig and gown in 1798.

It was in the year 1800 that O'Connell commenced his public career in a speech of great power and ability, delivered at the Royal Exchange, against the then almost completed Union, which has inflicted such injuries on Ireland. In that able speech the young orator repudiated, as an Irish Catholic, the imputation that (whatever individuals might think), the Irish Catholics, as a nation, were parties to any compact for the sale of Ireland's legislative independence.

During the earlier years of the present century, the Catholic agitation continued to grow to dimensions which subsequently made it irresistible; and O'Connell, by incessant toil in the sacred cause of liberty of conscience, rose to be the admitted leader of Ireland, and the recognized champion of religious freedom.

It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the unhappy quarrel which so long divided the Catholics on the subject of the *veto* which would virtually have given the Crown the power to rule the bishops of the Catholic Church. O'Connell always opposed it, and the result proved him right, for, in the end, the Emancipation Bill was granted, without any chain being imposed upon the Church. Opposed as we are to the principle of a State Church, we would doubly deplore the existence of any link between a Protestant Government and the Catholic religion.

The struggle which led to the victory over intolerance was a very severe one, and its leading features are known to all. For nearly two

\* Constitutional History, &c., ch. 18.

dozen years after the Union there were Boards and Committees; but the mighty magic of evoking a people's will was first brought into action when, in 1823, O'Connell and his brilliant fellow-laborer, Sheil, formed the Catholic Association. Before that time the Catholic agitation had been desultory and flickering. Sometimes it would appear at an Aggregate Meeting, and would end with the occasion, and though a fine speech would emanate from O'Connell or Sheil, or from Phillips, Finlay, or some other Protestant friends of the cause, no decided course of action was followed up. Sometimes the agitation found vent in a Parliamentary debate, in which the talents of Grattan, Plunkett, Canning, Brougham, and others exposed the hollowness of the hostility to Catholic liberty; but when the debate was over, the question was practically left *in statu quo*. Sometimes a case in the Courts would give the opportunity. This occurred when, in 1811, the Crown prosecuted Lord Fingal and the other Catholic Delegates, and the impressive eloquence of Peter Burrowes forcibly expounded constitutional right; and it occurred, too, when the Crown prosecuted Magee, and when O'Connell delivered that famous philippic against the Duke of Richmond's profligate administration, which stands among the highest triumphs of forensic eloquence. But these were only occasional opportunities. They were not the light of sunrise; they were meteors succeeded by deeper gloom. Against every adverse circumstance, the Catholic Association, which began its career in 1823, battled, and battled with success.

The manner in which O'Connell worked that wonderful machine of popular enthusiasm, has been nowhere better described than by Mr. Seward, of New York, in the following passage from his memorable panegyric on the great Irish statesman, and as a beautiful and just tribute we transfer the passage.

"The agency employed by O'Connell was as simple and sublime as were his own position and character. Combination is inherent in democratic action. Civil and military associations were employed in 1782 and in the rebellion of 1798. Civil association was again tried, but without effect, in 1810. The government had now put forth all its skill to frame laws which should prevent combination. There could be no military association, no secret association, representative or delegated assembly, none that was political, and none to continue more than fourteen days. Nevertheless, O'Connell organized and maintained during seven years a combination extending over the island, embracing 700,000 members, and receiving \$150,000 annually, which violated none of the inhibitions of the law, and yet had all the efficiency which they were designed to prevent. The centre of agitation was ultimately the Corn Exchange Rooms in Dublin. Business was transacted and debates conducted with legislative forms. The doors were open to every subject, and publicity was more effective than executive secrecy.

"The assembly was crowded with impassioned and sympathizing auditors, who manifested approval or dissatisfaction without restraint, while the speakers were



animated by the smiles of beauty from the galleries. The themes discussed with all the genius and fervor of Irish eloquence by O'Connell, Sheil, and their associates, were, the British constitution, the penal code, the resources and destiny of Ireland, its condition, the value of liberty, the evils of faction; and not only these, but the daily conduct of the government; the oppression of every landlord, the grievances of every tenant, the insults of every patrician, the meekness of every plebeian; in short, whatever tended to excite, to rouse, and to combine the Irish people. A journal established by the Association transmitted the debates to kindred associations in every part of the island, by whom the same animating topics were discussed with even greater zeal.

"It was necessary to tranquillize Ireland in order to prove that the people were capable of self-government. O'Connell invoked order. All Ireland was immediately organized in vast assemblies under the name of O'Connell's police. Temperance and tranquillity reigned throughout the island. In time, these assemblies became a subject of complaint. O'Connell had but to say, 'You want the word of command: I give it: halt: disband,' and instantly O'Connell's police was resolved into the peaceful constituency of the liberator.

"The cause of emancipation advanced in England, and a majority in its favor was already secured in the House of Commons. But still the representatives from Ireland gave it no effective aid. A signal blow was wanting, and that fell

from O'Connell's hand with boldness, precision, and effect.

" 'Electors of Clare,' said he, on the eve of a special election, 'you want a representative in Parliament: I solicit yoursuffrages. True, I am a Catholic; I cannot, and of course I never will take the oaths prescribed. But the power which created those oaths can abrogate them.' "

And they *did* elect him, as the world knows, and the peasantry of Clare thus opened the doors of the Imperial Parliament to the Catholic nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom, and restored the Catholics of the empire to that place within the constitution from which they had so long been excluded.

In Parliament, O'Connell, as he was a radical reformer, supported every measure having for its aim "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Some have doubted his success in the House, but it has been clearly shown by the most impartial writers that no man commanded a larger amount of Parliamentary attention. The reason of this was, because he was always in earnest. During the seventeen years of his Parliamentary career (for a little-minded quibble sent him back for election in 1829), his name appears more frequently than that of any other speaker. His last speech (in February, 1847) was an appeal for food for the people of Ireland, on whom the famine had fallen with all its terrible sorrows.

As a matter of form we add (but what friend of freedom has not well noted the sad date) that O'Connell died at Genoa, on the 15th May,

1847. He had all the consolations of religion, being constantly attended for some months by the Rev. Dr. Miley, one of the most distinguished of the clergy of Ireland, to whom he was deeply attached.

At the death of Daniel O'Connell, the old and the new world joined in the expression of their deep sorrow. The eloquence of a Ventura, a Lacordaire, a Seward, and a host of others, rolled beside the waters of the Tiber, the Seine, and the Hudson, and the equally eloquent accents of the gifted Irish priest, Dr. Miley, whom he loved so well, fell upon the ears of his countrymen, who mourned their champion lost. While memory lasts the name of Daniel O'Connell will never fade from the mind of the true lover of freedom; but es-

pecially will his own countrymen ever proudly cherish the memory of him of whom the calmest historian must tell, that he came upon the public scene when all was gloom, and yet did not despair; but teaching the people to look to mind alone as the weapon of agitation, he organized without conspiracy, and conquered without bloodshed.

He strove for the freedom of all the oppressed of every clime. In the cause of wronged Poland and of the trampled negroes some of his noblest appeals were delivered. Wherever there pined a slave, O'Connell sought to break his chain, and thus his name has gone to the ends of the earth, and will live through all time as the denouncer of wrong and the practical friend of the freedom of the human race.

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#### A CHILD'S ANSWER.

I MET a fairy child, whose golden hair  
Around her sunny face in clusters hung;  
And as she wove her kingcup chain, she sung  
Her household melodies, those strains that bear  
The hearer back to Eden. Surely ne'er  
A brighter vision blest my dreams. "Whose child  
Art thou," I said, "sweet girl?" In accents mild  
She answered, "Mother's." When I questioned,  
"Where her dwelling was," again she answered, "Home."  
"Mother!" and "Home!" Oh, blessed ignorance!  
Or rather blessed knowledge! what advance  
Farther than this shall all the years to come,  
With all their love, effect? There are but given  
Two names of higher note, "Father," and "Heaven."

## THE MISER OF MARSEILLE.

MARSEILLE is a city of fountains, and has a fine aqueduct, almost entirely subterranean, by which pure water is brought from the little rivers Huveaume and Juvet. But this was not always the case. Look back with me many, many years, and I will show you how ill it used to be supplied with water, and how in the fulness of time it came to be otherwise.

Once upon a time—I know not the exact date—there dwelt at Marseille a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people; and at the time my narrative begins, the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hand pressed to his still hotter forehead, while he ceased not to cry in a plaintive tone for a draught of water.

“Alas, my child,” said Madame Guyot, in reply to his moaning, “you know I have told you already the cistern is empty. Not a drop of water have I in the house, and I fear all our neighbors are as badly off as ourselves. See, take a draught of milk; I have nought else to give you.”

“But, mother, it is not like water,” replied the boy; “it makes me only the more thirsty, and almost chokes me, it seems so thick; while water is so cold, and refreshes me for a long time. But, alas! you have none to give me. If it would but rain, for I am burning! Oh, if I were rich, I would care little for the finest wines, if I had but plenty of fresh, pure, cold water.”

Madame Guyot, with a true maternal love, strove to pacify the young sufferer; and having succeeded in partially relieving his cravings by means of a draught of water, which a kind neighbor, scarcely better off than herself, sent by the hand of her little daughter, he at length slept. Even in his dreams, however, the memory of his feverish longings haunted him, and his plaintive cry for water at oft-recurring intervals brought tears to the mother’s eyes; and she trod softly, dreading to awaken the boy, lest by so doing she should also awaken his desires to greater activity, when she knew she was without the means of satisfying them.

Seven years later and the fever-stricken boy has grown into a fine thoughtful youth of sixteen. No longer dependent on his parents, the young Jacques Guyot cheerfully performed his part in gaining a living. One evening, after his return from work, as Madame Guyot was busily engaged in placing the evening meal on the table, she said to her son: “Jacques, you must be content with less than your usual quantity of water to-night, for again the cistern is nearly dry.”

“I am sorry for that, mother,” replied Jacques; “but though we have often since been very scarce of water, at least we have never wanted it so badly as when I had the fever.”

“O, Jacques, can you ever forget that?”

“Never, mother. No day passes,



but the torture I suffered then for a draught of water comes into my mind; and I envy no man his wealth in anything save his more abundant supply of that one good gift. Is there no way of relieving this want by which the poor of Marseille suffer so much, and so often?"

"It is just because the poor are those who suffer that they must continue to do so; wealth might remedy the evil," answered his father.

"How so?" asked Jacques.

"Easily enough. Only let an aqueduct be constructed to bring pure water from a distant river."

"And what would that cost, think you, father?"

"More money than you could count, my son," replied the elder Guyot; "so let us to our supper before it is as cold as the water you are always dreaming about."

The meal over, Jacques wandered in the garden thoughtful and silent, but not unnoticed by his parents. They conversed together in an undertone about the extraordinary manner in which his mind dwelt on the one night of suffering from thirst so long gone by.

"It is strange," said Madame Guyot, "how the lad is always thinking of it. I quite feared to tell him how little water we have left to-night, for it seems to grieve and trouble him so much; not for ourselves alone, but lest some unfortunate should have to bear sufferings like those he experienced seven years ago."

"Well," replied the father, "even that is not the chief object of his anxiety."

"Why, surely he does not fancy

himself in love yet!" said Madame Guyot in an accent of alarm. "Our neighbor's daughter, Madeline, casts sheep's eyes at him, I know, young as he is; and Jacques often tells her how like a little angel she seemed to him when her mother made her the bearer of that draught of water. But it is doubtless only nonsense, for he is still a boy, and she a full year younger."

"I was not thinking of Madeline, wife," replied Monsieur Guyot; "in my opinion, Jacques loves something else better than all the little damsels in the world—I mean money. He is always hoarding every sou he can collect, and trying, by all sorts of extra services, to earn more than his daily wages; and I almost fear our son will turn miser, since he spends nothing he can avoid."

"Oh, if that be the case, he is doubtless thinking of some girl, and trying to save against the time when he is old enough to marry; but he is a good youth," added Madame Guyot, brushing a tear from her eye at the thought of having a rival in the love of her only child.

"Ah, wife," said her husband, "you are almost jealous of little Madeline; but remember, you cannot expect to keep this one lamb of yours always by your side; and I say, that if the thought of having some day to provide for a wife makes the lad so saving, I for one am well content."

The return of Jacques here stopped the conversation. Hours after his parents were at rest, the youth sat by the lattice in his little chamber. A luxuriant vine hung over the casement, and waving back-

wards and forwards in the moonlight, cast fantastic shadows on the wall. Little knew the parents of Jacques by what strong feelings he was actuated, though both were in part right, the father when speaking of his almost miserly habits, the mother in believing that her son loved Madeline.

The youth possessed one of those thoughtful natures which become old too soon; and those who wonder at love in a boy of sixteen, must remember that in southern France the blood runs warmer than in our foggy island. It was indeed wonderful how he always thought of Madeline in connection with that night of feverish agony—how like a ministering angel the child had seemed in his eyes, when she tripped lightly in with the cooling draught to satisfy his longing. The cup of cold water had worked with a marvellous charm, and the youth regarded the girl with a feeling akin to worship. In the eyes of others, she was just a bright-eyed laughing thing, somewhat wilful, and capricious at times, as girls are apt to be; but to poor Jacques she was a being of heavenly beauty.

The recent scarcity of water had again brought the old scene most vividly to his mind, and you might have seen by the moonlight how pale and agitated was his face. After a long vigil, he rose, and taking from a secret repository a sum of money—large for him to possess—he slowly counted it, and then gazing earnestly on his treasure, said softly: "It might be done in a long lifetime; but, O Madeline, Madeline!" then with tears streaming down his cheeks, he flung himself on his knees to

pray. Poor Jacques! he prayed with such earnest simple faith, that he rose tranquil, and seeking his couch, soon fell into a sound sleep.

Three more years went by, and still Jacques continually added to his store. So scrupulous was he in denying himself every superfluity, that the neighbors whispered how the young Guyot had become a miser. Some did more than whisper, they spoke openly to his mother respecting this peculiarity in her son. Madame Guyot look very sagacious, and gave mysterious hints about the virtue of sparing on one's self to spend on another, glancing as she spoke at Jacques and Madeline, who were just visible to the group of gossips.

Let love be the presumed cause of a man's actions, a woman will hardly ever deem him in the wrong, however extravagant they may be. Even vice in her sight assumes the dignity of virtue, if she can ascribe its committal to the power of love. So it was with the gossips at whose self-constituted tribunal Jacques was tried, and from that time many a sly joke was levelled at Madeline, till the little damsel's head was almost turned with thinking of the—of course much magnified—riches which were hoarded by her admirer for her to spend some day. She felt she was beloved, for it is not hard to divine when one is the dearest of all earthly objects to a pure and honest heart; but in spite of her convictions in this respect, the conduct of Jacques was a sad puzzle to her.

"He is never so happy as when by my side," she would often say to her mother; "that any one may

see; but I do not think he cares to gain me for a wife." The mother would bid her be patient, and all would in time turn out well; but Madeline thought there should be some limit to the expected patience, so she would pout her cherry lips, and give Jacques short answers. Still, though she evidently succeeded in giving him pain, he seemed as far from declaring his sentiments as ever.

The crisis, however, came at last. Madeline had a cousin Marie, who was not only a near neighbor, but also a sort of rival beauty. There had been no slight jealousy between the girls on the subjects of love and marriage; but Marie had at last triumphed, and, the day for her own wedding being fixed, she openly twitted Madeline about her laggard lover. This was a sad blow to the vanity of the young girl. Marie's *fiancé* came from what was in those days thought a great distance, and neither grudged spending time nor money in visits to his betrothed; while Madeline, with her lover almost at the door, seemed likely enough to remain single. Oh, it was too much for any maiden's patience.

The wedding day came, and she of course was one of the guests, together with Jacques; and the girl, bent on punishing her tardy admirer, coquetted with others by his very side. But she did not stop at coquetry only. The brother of the bridegroom, a gay and handsome fellow, now at Marseille for the first time, was smitten with her charms, and after the wedding, found, or made, many excuses for visiting the town which contained Madeline. Jacques, it seemed,

would not be piqued into submission, and she was not inclined either for a spinster's life or a longer silent wooing; so, after some hesitation on the part of her parents, who still leaned to their young neighbor, partly from old association, and still more because of his reputed wealth, Madeline was betrothed to the stranger.

Madame Guyot often sighed, and said in her son's hearing that it was a pity two of the prettiest maidens in Marseille should be carried off by strangers; for she had long since made up her mind, that since Jacques would needs marry soon or late, it would be well to have a daughter-in-law whom she had known from babyhood. All her hints might have been unheard, for any outward effect they produced on her son; but when the marriage-day came, he remained shut up in his little chamber. Neither food nor drink passed his lips; but could he have been seen by any one, a mighty mental conflict would have been revealed to the watcher—it was the last great struggle with human passion. The last bar to his devoting himself to one great object was removed.

The gossips who had aforesaid interested themselves so liberally in the affairs of Jacques and Madeline, once more twitted Madame Guyot, saying, it plainly was not love that made her son such a miser in his habits; but she answered them more proudly than ever, that Jacques would now look higher for a wife.

So, first one great lady and then another was said to be the fair object for whom our hero cherished a secret passion, and whom he was



trying to equal in wealth. But though Madame Guyot fostered the idea, she, poor soul, knew better; for only a few days after the marriage of his *one* love, Jacques had begged her, in a broken voice, to find out whether the little vessel in which Madeline had born the precious draught of water to his bedside, a dozen long years ago, were still in existence.

"O, my son," said Madame Guyot, "since you did so love Madeline, why did you let her go? She would not now be the wife of a stranger, if you had asked her for thyself."

"Better as it is, mother," replied Jacques, though his lip quivered while he spoke, and again begged his mother to procure what he had mentioned, at any cost.

Madame Guyot's mission proved successful, though the mother of Madeline marvelled greatly at the request; and both the worthy matrons agreed that the conduct of Jacques was a problem beyond their power to solve. Eagerly was the little vessel seized by him, and after bestowing many grateful thanks on his mother, he conveyed it to his own little room. Could the thing of clay have spoken, it might have told how, when others slept, Jacques spent many an hour in sighs, and even tears. Aye, for every drop of water it had once held, the strong man paid in tears a thousandfold.

Years sped on, and the father and mother of Jacques passed from the earth. The young man had been called a miser, even during their lifetime, but now, indeed, he merited the title. Ever craving for money, he added to his store

by the strictest parsimony. His clothes were patched by himself, again and again, till no traces of the original stuff remained. Generally his feet were bare, and even when he wore any covering on them, it consisted of old shoes which had been cast away as worthless, and picked up by him in his solitary wanderings through the town. His food was of the coarsest description, and taken simply to sustain life. He no longer occupied the dwelling in which his early days had been spent; his present home was an old and roomy house, built with a degree of strength which defied any attempt at entrance, unsanctioned by the will of its occupant; at least without a degree of force being used, which must inevitably have led to discovery. Here, then, dwelt Jacques Guyot quite alone. But far worse than alone was he when absent from his house, for the evil repute in which he was held was such, that as he walked, the little children ran shouting after him: "There goes Guyot. See the wretched miser, how thin he is! He grudges himself food to make himself fat, and clothes to cover his lean old body." Then the mischievous urchins would cast stones at Jacques, and load him with insults, unchecked by their parents. But even this was not the worst. One day he met a friend, or at least he had been such in youth, and whom he had not seen for many a long year. For the moment, Jacques forgot his rags and his isolation—it was so long since a kindly word had been bestowed on him, and oh! how he yearned to win it. Eagerly he advanced, with an indescribable

gleam of joy lighting his pinched features; but his former comrade shrank back, holding up his hand, as if to forbid his nearer approach, saying, as he did so: "I will not hold communion with a thing like you. Did you not love thy money better than her who ought to be your wife? but you suffered a stranger to carry her away, and now the accursed thing is dearer to you than yourself, though you have neither child nor kin to whom to leave it. Away! touch me not!"

Another trial came still later, and it was the hardest of all. A portly dame, elderly, but still fresh and comely-looking, and with a fair daughter by her side, passed leisurely along the streets of Marseille. They seemed to be new arrivals; but the elder one was evidently no stranger, for she pointed out to her daughter various changes which had been made of late. Jacques Guyot looked earnestly at the girl, for her features brought vividly to his mind those of the object of his one love-dream, and as he came near, he heard her mother call her Madeline. Another glance, and he recognized the elder female as *the* Madeline of his youth. Though so many years had gone over his head, his pale face was in a moment flushed. Again he forgot the curses and the stones daily showered around him; the vision of the bright-eyed child, with the little treasured pitcher in her hand was before him, and he too was for an instant young; but for how brief an instant! Madeline, even in her distant home, had heard of the miser Guyot, who heaped up wealth, though with none to share it, and denied even the smallest aid to the

miserable, though surrounded with gold. Even at that moment, too, she heard the taunts of the passers-by; so, gathering her skirts closely around her, as though his very touch would poison, she swept by with such a look of scorn as rooted the miser to the spot, and brought back the sense of his loneliness more terribly than ever.

Though no inhabitant of Marseille ever entered the miser's dwelling during his life, yet I am able to tell how he spent his time there. I know he never entered his silent, comfortless home without feeling that his heart would leap with joy to hear a friendly voice, or if he might be permitted to clasp a child to his bosom. I know that, in spite of insults, reproaches, and taunts, his heart teemed with loving-kindness to his fellow-creatures, and often when suffering them, he would even smile, and murmur: "It is because they know me not; for one day these curses will be turned to blessings."

Aye, and that, when seated on his hard bench, to take the food needful to prolong his life until the object should be accomplished for which he had given up all that could tend to its enjoyment, he prayed for a blessing on his coarse fare; and I know, too, that after each more biting proof of scorn from those around him, he asked from the same Almighty source strength to "endure to the end."

A very old man was Jacques Guyot when the end came, but he met it with joy and hope, for he had lived long enough to finish his self-imposed task. Stretched upon his wretched pallet, he smiled and talked to himself. "Ah, Jacques,"

said he, "they will never more call thee accursed. The last stone has been cast at thy worthless carcass, for worthless it may well be called, since even the worms will scarcely be able to banquet on the scanty covering of thy old bones. But, oh, what joy to think the miser has not lived in vain! And thou, too," said he, taking in his hand Madeline's little pitcher, "well hast thou performed thy part. Though but a thing of clay, the sight of thee has reminded me each day and hour that, having given up her to whom thou didst once belong, no greater sacrifice could be demanded from me; and more than that—it ever brought before me the memory of the one pressing want which inspired the resolution God has in his goodness given me strength to fulfil. I will indulge just one weakness, and having taken my last draught from thee, no other lip shall touch thee." So saying, he drank the water it contained, and gathering all his remaining strength, shivered it to atoms. One hour after, and the miser lay dead. Only lifeless clay, senseless as that shivered by his last act, now remained of Jacques Guyot.

As soon as he was missed from his daily haunts, the propriety of examining his dwelling suggested itself to the townspeople, for there

were many who would not touch him while living, who would gladly have acted as his executors. Fancy, then, the crowd around the door—the forcible entrance—the curious ransacking each room till they at last stood beside all that remained of the object of their bitter loathing. The authorities of the town, who led the way, took possession of a sealed paper, which Jacques, ere he lay down to die, had placed in a conspicuous position. It was his will, duly executed, and contained these words: "Having observed from my youth that the poor of Marseille are ill supplied with water, which can be procured for them only at a great cost, I have cheerfully labored all my life to gain them this great blessing, and I bequeath all I possess to be spent in building an aqueduct for their use."

Jacques had told the truth. The curses turned into blessings, and his death made a city full of self-reproaching mourners. Many a man has won the name of hero by one gallant deed; but he who made a conquest of a city by the continued heroism of a long life, methinks deserves the name indeed. And thus I have told you to whom the inhabitants of Marseille owe their aqueduct.

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## THE AURORA BOREALIS.

ALTHOUGH many ancient writers allude to appearances in the sky which, there is no doubt, were identical with the aurora, we have not any very accurate descriptions; the phenomena having been regarded from a superstitious rather than a scientific point of view. The first of these displays of which we have a careful and scientific account, is one that occurred A.D. 1560; but the particulars were not published till ninety years afterwards, when they appeared in a book called "*A Description of Meteors.*" In 1621 the name of *Aurora Borealis* was given to this phenomenon, by Gassendi, the French philosopher, on the occasion of a remarkable display visible over a great part of Europe. None seems to have been observed after this till the year 1707; but during the last century it has been by no means uncommon.

It occurs generally in the spring or autumn, particularly after a dry year. In the Arctic regions, however, it is the usual accompaniment of a clear winter's night, and is familiar to the inhabitants even of the Shetland Isles. Lights of a similar character have been observed towards the South Pole. Mr. Forster, in a voyage with Captain Cook, had an opportunity of observing the *Aurora Australis*, as it has been termed, and thus describes its appearance: "It consisted of long columns of a clear white light, shooting up from the horizon to the eastward almost to the zenith, and gradually spreading over the whole southern part of the sky.

These columns were sometimes bent sideways at their upper extremities, and though in most respects similar to the northern lights of our hemisphere, yet differed from them in being always of a whitish color, whereas ours assume various tints, especially those of a fiery and purple hue."

It is, however, in the northern hemisphere that there have been most opportunities of taking minute observations of this phenomenon, and it is from these that we are able to form some idea of the natural operations to which it owes its existence. The flashes of light which constitute the aurora are now generally allowed to be within the region of the terrestrial atmosphere; though they were at one time considered to be far beyond it, as it was thought that they could not otherwise be visible at such a height from the horizon, over such an extended area. It would appear, however, that the aurora covers a larger extent of sky than an observer would suppose. All is invisible to him except a certain arc with its flaming and streaming offshoots. Its visibility has, perhaps, some analogy to that of the rainbow, which, as is well known, appears to two observers to be of a different height, their positions requiring the light to be reflected from different parts of the sky to make the angles of incidence and reflection equal in the case of each. There are circumstances attending the auroral phenomena which may be accepted as proofs of their electric nature. It is supposed that the lights seen

are flashes of electricity passing through the higher strata of the atmosphere, which are, of course, highly rarefied; and an experiment whereby a stream of electricity is passed through a glass tube from which the air has been exhausted strengthens this view, appearances similar to those of the aurora having been noted.

The position of the arc is observed to bear a remarkable relation to the magnetic pole; it generally lies east and west, having its vertex on the magnetic meridian, but it appears at all times to have the magnetic pole for its centre. The earth currents of electricity, which often interfere with the working of electric telegraphs, are most frequent at the time of a display of the aurora; sometimes causing an entire stoppage in the working of the wires unless the electric circuit can, by using double wires, be rendered independent of the earth. The magnetic compass is also affected during the display of an aurora, and often in places where the latter is invisible. Sir John Franklin, who made some minute observations in the Arctic regions upon the deviations of the needle, which are often so slight as to require microscopic examination, stated that the motions were not sudden; but that after an aurora the needle would travel slowly in a certain direction, and as slowly recover its position after several hours. He also remarked that when the arc was not at right angles to the magnetic meridian, but inclined to east or west, the needle deviated towards that end of the arc which was nearer to the magnetic pole; after deviation, it would be assisted in recover-

ing its position if an aurora occurred in a direction opposite to the former. He observed that when the arc seemed to be exactly at right angles to the meridian, the needle was generally inclined to the west. The prevalence of pink, violet, and blue in the colors of the lights, seems to confirm the probability that they result from a discharge of electricity; and the noise affirmed by some to have been heard at the time of an auroral display, seems to have resembled somewhat the crackling sound heard when sparks are taken from a Leyden jar, or the conductor of an electric machine. The hearers have compared it to the sound made by rubbing one piece of silk on another, and to the discharge of fireworks. Some, however, including Captains Parry and Franklin, have affirmed that they never heard any sound at such times which they could not trace to ordinary terrestrial sources.

Although, of course, difficult to ascertain with certainty, it would seem that these auroræ, the borealis and australis, occur simultaneously at their respective poles, and this would point to an electric action common to both. It has been surmised that on such occasions a discharge of electricity is taking place from the poles to the equator, and the apparent motion of the auroral arc in that direction seems to confirm this view. There are, however, reasons for thinking that, on the contrary, the discharge is from the equator to the poles, and that the direction of the motion is only apparent. However this may be, we may presume that in one or other of these places an amount of electricity accumulates from time to

time, and that it is periodically discharged into the ether through the medium of the upper atmosphere ; or that the atmosphere and the earth form together a galvanic circle, which is put into action at certain intervals. But it is remarkable that though the earth currents would be expected to run north and south, they are frequently observed to move in a direction from east to west. Like many other phenomena, however, this has yet to be fully investigated by observation and ex-

periment. The meteorology of the earth will, perhaps, be found to be more under the influence of this electric action than is at present supposed. It no doubt performs some important function, and is destined to be as perpetual as the revolution of the globe itself. Discoveries respecting it will in all probability assist to confirm the theory that heat, motion, and electricity are essentially one, that they are the origin of many of the phenomena of the earth.

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## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**VERONICA ; OR, THE HOLY FACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.** Historical notice of the signal and most holy major Relics of the Basilica of the Vatican. Prayers and Indulgences. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: Eugene Cumiskey, 1037 Chestnut Street.

This little work is full of interest, whilst the incident which gives rise to it is so well known that it hardly requires rehearsing on our part. Rome, that great depository of sacred relics, claims Veronica, or the Holy Face, that precious "veil or handkerchief upon which is imprinted the true and adorable image of the face of our Lord Jesus Christ—a marvellous image, not produced by artificial coloring, but by the divine power of the Son of God made man."

It may appear truly marvellous, in this age of irreligion and infidelity, that a fac-simile of the face of any person could be transferred upon the handkerchief used to wipe it; but when we consider whose Face it is, and who performed this marvellous action, we are ready to exclaim, "With God all things are possible." St. Veronica lived in Jerusalem in the time of our Saviour; and her residence, according to Adrico-

mio, was on the route travelled by Him to Calvary. She is believed to have been, on one occasion, cured miraculously by Christ, and seeing Him surrounded by a cruel and insulting soldiery, she forgot all fear of their fury, and in obedience to the customs of her country, pressed forward and offered Him her veil with which to wipe the bloody sweat from his sacred and wounded brow. This act of charity won for her a memento such as mortal hands have never received,—the impress of the features of the Son of God.

The little work before us tells us the whole history of this wonderful occurrence. It goes into a careful examination of all the historical facts that can be reached to establish the identity of the saintly Veronica, and of her priceless treasure, a task which has not been accomplished without the most laborious research. This is followed by Prayers; Visits to the Most Holy Shroud of the Blessed Veronica; The Litany of the Holy Face in Reparation of Blasphemies; Extracts from the Holy Scripture relating to the Face of Our Saviour; A Mass in Honor of the Most Holy Face; The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ; and Notes on Holy Places.



Veronica will be found to be just the very book for spiritual reading and meditation during Holy Week. The publisher has produced it in a neat and popular form.

**THE WITCH OF ROSENBERG and THE HIDDEN GEM.** By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1872.

These are two of those exquisite moral dramas for which the late learned author became so celebrated. Cardinal Wiseman, although one of the ablest writers and profoundest thinkers of the age, did not confine his literary labors to the consideration of those great religious and moral questions which, however important in themselves, or interesting to the few, were from their nature beyond the comprehension of the masses, but often selected the lighter departments of literature as the mediums through which to reach the popular ear. Nor are his lighter productions less worthy of careful perusal by the learned. In the dialogue of many of his dramas especially, to write which appears to have afforded him a real pleasure, are to be found some of the most beautiful thoughts expressed in simple modest language. Indeed, it is this very talent of adaptation of style to which the works of the late Cardinal in great measure owe their widespread popularity. The two dramas embraced in the volume now before us were written in 1864, and were taken from the original manuscript of the author. The scene of the first drama, *The Witch of Rosenberg*, is laid in a mountain village in the Tyrol, and aims to point the moral of consideration and kindness on the part of the young,

"Not to judge rashly—nor defects to shy,  
But estimate with heart as well as eye,"

advice that might apply with equal force to many of maturer growth.

"*The Hidden Gem*" is a drama in two acts, founded on the life of St. Alexius. The scene is in Rome. It is needless to say that the author has availed himself

of the beautiful plot afforded by the history and incidents of the Saint's life. These dramas were intended for the pupils of Catholic colleges and schools. They are both well written, the style being pleasant and graceful.

**KYRIALE; OR ORDINARY OF THE MASS.** A complete Liturgical Manual with Gregorian chants in Modern Notation, for the use of Catholic choirs and congregations, containing the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei, &c., according to the different Feasts and Sundays of the Year, and Masses and Obsequies for the Dead, with an Appendix, including Hymns, Psalms, Anthems, Litanies, and Prayers for the Exposition, During the Exposition, and at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Eighth Edition. Baltimore: Published by John Murphy & Co.

**THE HOLY WEEK:** containing the offices of Holy Week, from the Roman Breviary and Missal. With the chants in modern notation. With the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. Published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

These books, which may be had with the round or square notation, have been carefully prepared by the Rev. Charles J. Maugin, now of the Diocese of Detroit, but formerly of the Diocese of Philadelphia. Father Maugin is not only a thorough musician, but is well versed in all kinds of Gregorian music used in the services of the church. The late Archbishop Kenrick, under whose direction, or at whose instigation, if we mistake not, these works were undertaken, always expressed an earnest desire to have them adopted wherever the circumstances of the different congregations would permit. To be sure this music does not possess the brilliancy which characterizes modern compositions, but it is eminently religious; it was composed with the intention of praising God, and not to tickle the ears of the congregation.











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